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THE WAR.

ON Saturday last the terms of the capitulation of Paris were finally arranged, and on Sunday the Germans entered into possession of the forts which had so long defied them. Paris, as M. JULES FAVRE explained to the Government at Bordeaux, had yielded because it had no more bread. What happened in Paris during the last few days of its resistance no one as yet knows in England. We have no news from within Paris of a later date than Sunday the 22nd, when the insurrection of Belleville was suppressed. But it is known that on the following day the Maires announced that the supplies were exhausted, and probably after this became known Paris was stupefied into quiet, and patiently acquiesced in any arrangements which those acting for her were willing or able to make. The Parisians had at least the comfort of knowing that they had done their very best. They had suffered much, behaved patiently, fought not very badly, and always seconded every appeal of the Generals to risk decisive measures. In many respects the resistance of Paris was highly creditable as a military performance; and as an exhibition of national spirit and patient, hopeful patriotism, it will for ever leave its mark on the history of France. The defence of the forts and most of the engineering operations were such as to command the respect of their enemies. The organization of the distribution of food or fuel was all that could be expected under difficulties so great. The real evil that pressed hardly on Paris was exactly that which has beaten down the resistance of France. She had none but second-rate generals, and very few better than second-rate soldiers. But whatever may have been the faults of generals, soldiers, or civilians, they all kept their word in so far that they held out until it was physically impossible they could hold out longer. It even appears that they had got less food than they thought, and there is terrible significance in M. JULES FAVRE's statement that a miscalculation of eight days had been made in the estimate of what the city had left. What Paris is going through at this moment, and must go through until supplies arrive from the coast, is awful to think of. Of course M. JULES FAVRE was in the hands of Count BISMARCK when the terms of surrender had to be discussed, and the terms exacted were in the highest degree advantageous to the Germans. Generosity would probably have been very ill-timed in the opinion of the German Chancellor, and he certainly did not display it. The surrender of the forts gave him complete control of Paris, and by allowing the conquered army to remain in Paris he escaped the great difficulty of having to keep Paris quiet, and avoided collisions between the German and French troops. The agreement that a National Assembly should be called was eminently useful to the Germans, and was as obviously the proper course for France to adopt. But the exception of the country where BOURBAKI was in the extremity of danger from the operation of the armistice showed that the Germans were determined not to forego any advantage they possessed. The Germans knew that in a day or two the army of BOURBAKI must be effaced, and they were resolved that he should not escape. M. JULES FAVRE gave up nothing that he could help giving up. BOURBAKI would not have been in the least benefited by the rejection of an armistice for the rest of France. His chances were gone, and M. JULES FAVRE was right, we think, in claiming sufficient authority to conclude the armistice and convoke an Assembly, and also in leaving BOURBAKI to a fate which no one in any distant part of France could avert.

BOURBAKI's is, as the EMPEROR telegraphed to his wife, the fourth French army which has within five months been swept entirely away. Eighty thousand men under BOURBAKI's command are said to have been forced into Switzerland. They have been so outmanœuvred that, without

any resistance worth mentioning they have been made to walk out of France into neutral territory as a flock of sheep are made to go where the shepherd wishes and the dogs drive. After BOURBAKI discovered that he could not carry the strong position in which he found VON WERDER he seems to have been simply bewildered. He and his poor helpless sheep could do no more than waddle a little forwards and a little backwards until the shepherd and the dogs came up. Whether one corps of BOURBAKI's army got away southwards or not appears to be still uncertain; but if it did the numbers that have been driven into Switzerland must have been exaggerated. It is a most terrible collapse, the fatal end of a great blunder, the fruits of a second-rate general and bad troops attempting what none but a great general with good troops could have carried out. VON MOLTKE seems to have been as certain of the result as he was when he heard of the not dissimilar strategy of McMAHON, and it must be very convenient to the Germans that in this case they have not to guard and feed the prisoners, but that Switzerland, most sorely against its will, has to discharge that disagreeable duty. And now that BOURBAKI's career is over, there is some one else to ask after, and it becomes a most interesting question whether GARIBALDI too is not destined to fall into the hands of the conquerors. Dijon has been reoccupied by German troops, and the Garibaldians must be flying for their lives in some direction that they think the safest. They have at least had one gleam of success, and the repulse of the Prussians from Dijon ten days ago was a brilliant and creditable affair. GARIBALDI issued a most characteristic proclamation, cheering his men by asking them to observe that they had shown Prussian troops not to be invincible, but suggesting that, if his dear comrades would only fight a little better, the chances of the Universal Republic would be brighter. The fact is that, although here and there the French troops will fight well because they have got Garibaldians or Pontifical Zouaves or Marines with them, they will no longer fight as a rule. Neglected by their officers, destitute of supplies, distrustful of each other, and dismayed by the obvious incompetency of their generals, they have no heart for the contest. The French armies long for peace. They do not want to go out to be killed without a chance of doing their country real service. Peace is, on many accounts, a necessity for France, and on this account above all. The levies that France can now raise are not fit to fight, and they know they are not fit. Repose is absolutely essential to the country in order that it may regain its spirits and its confidence in itself.

If, therefore, the Germans are willing to accept reasonable terms of peace—which, in spite of the gossip of newspaper Correspondents, it may be believed they will be, until an official announcement of extravagant demands has been made—France has much more to gain than to lose by peace. But peace can only be made by a National Assembly that has a right to speak in the name of the nation, and we fear that there are serious obstacles even yet to be surmounted before such an Assembly gets together. M. GAMBETTA for some little time hesitated what he should do after the news of the surrender of Paris had reached him. He professed his willingness to be bound by what the Government of Paris had decided; but when he found that BOURBAKI had been excepted from the armistice, he began to inveigh against the guilty thoughtlessness of the Government of Paris, and at last he determined to take the management of things into his own hands. He acquiesces in the summoning of a National Assembly, but he has decreed that it shall be a National Assembly, so far as his authority extends, composed entirely of men of one faction. It is to be a purely Republican gathering. No Imperialist functionary, no Imperialist

official candidate, is capable of being elected. No member of any family that has reigned in France since 1789 is to sit in the new Assembly. Moreover, it is to be an Assembly not to decide between peace and war, but to proclaim war and hurl defiance at the enemy. This is playing a bold part, and either the Government of Paris must suppress their audacious colleague, and do with his proclamations as the authorities have done with those at Lille, simply tearing them down and issuing new instructions for the elections, or a large part of France will send representatives under circumstances which will deprive the new Assembly of its right to be considered national. The time is very short. The elections ought to be held next Sunday, according to the programme of the Paris Government, and the Deputies should be in Bordeaux by the beginning of the week following, if they are to speak for France before the armistice expires. It is to be hoped that by the 19th of February an Assembly entitled to speak in the name of France will have been elected, will have met at Bordeaux, and will have made up its mind to treat for peace. We fear not, because the whole machinery of election is, for two-thirds of France, in the hands of men who do not desire this result, and the French have been so long in the hands of those who hold possession of the machinery of elections that they will not know how to act for themselves on the spur of the moment. If, through the interference of M. GAMBETTA and the extreme Republicans, a new National Assembly is not now suffered to meet in time, the probable result is that the Germans will summon the Corps Législatif, as it was on the 4th of September, to sit in Paris, and it is by no means impossible that France, in sheer weariness of Republican fanaticism, may not be unwilling to submit to its authority; and then farewell to the Republic itself, and to all the hopes it has raised and the sympathetic feelings it has excited.

THE COMING SESSION.

THERE is much ground for the general belief that the opening of the Session will find the Government in an altered and an anxious position. Mr. GLADSTONE has twice met the House of Commons which was elected to support him, and on both occasions he has justly calculated on a certain triumph. Both his great Irish Bills were so comprehensively framed and so carefully drawn that they could incur no risk of rejection by a favourable Assembly, if only they were proposed and defended with suitable vigour and skill. To Mr. GLADSTONE an opportunity of exercising his powers of exposition and debate must be always welcome. It was barely possible that the Church Bill or the Land Bill might be defeated in the House of Lords; but a temporary check, though it might have been otherwise injurious to the public interest, would have only strengthened the Ministry. The revival of trade and industry after long depression, combined with the saving from the reduction of establishments, enabled the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to acquire the popularity which always rewards a diminution of the public burdens. The navy was believed to have attained a state of thorough efficiency, and the question of army organization was not supposed to be extraordinarily urgent. The reaction which ordinarily succeeds to an outburst of popular favour has been accelerated by the great events which have destroyed the feeling of security. The Government perhaps deserved neither the credit which attended on prosperity nor the censure which expresses general uneasiness and dissatisfaction; but Mr. GLADSTONE will be exposed to searching inquiry, and perhaps to disapproval, where he lately commanded unqualified confidence. It will be useless to repeat his statement that Mr. CARDWELL has deserved better than any of his predecessors, unless some definite scheme is proposed for the organization of the army. Former War Ministers have certainly not provided for the most pressing want of the day; but Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CARDWELL will be held responsible for their accumulated shortcomings. The conquest of France by the German armies has revealed a danger which, whether it ought or ought not to have been anticipated, must now be met by adequate precautions. It is possible that the Government may exceed public expectation; but it will have to earn the support which in former Sessions was accorded in advance of its performances.

The retirement of Mr. BRIGHT will tend to release the advanced section of the Liberal party from the restraints of party discipline. Since Mr. FORSTER has fallen out of favour with the Dissenters, no member of the Cabinet is supposed

to represent the principles and the personal aspirations of the members below the gangway. Mr. BRIGHT, though he was practically quieted by office and by the attainment of his political objects, had been a formidable agitator. Mr. GLADSTONE was probably more capable than his democratic colleague of advocating violent changes; but he was suspected of clinging in some respects to his early associations, and he showed no disposition to open the Cabinet to the extreme section of his supporters. A more pressing difficulty consists in the retention of Mr. CHILDERS notwithstanding his inability to discharge the duties of his place. Twice in little more than a year Mr. GLADSTONE has allowed a Cabinet office to become for the time a sinecure; and the anomaly is in the second instance more striking than in the first. Mr. BRIGHT held an altogether exceptional position, and he professed no administrative skill. The department over which he nominally presided is employed entirely with details, and the business was perhaps not managed with greater awkwardness and confusion in the time of Mr. BRIGHT than in the incumbency of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or Mr. MILNER GIBSON. Mr. CHILDERS, though a useful and zealous public servant, represents no political party, and the qualities which fitted him for his office are for the time absolutely dormant. Mr. BAXTER, though he is believed to have improved the system of Admiralty accounts, knows nothing of the navy; and the naval Lords have been restricted by Mr. CHILDERS to the management of special branches of the public service. It will not be easy to persuade the House of Commons that one of the great departments of State can be safely left without a head in the present condition of affairs. If Mr. GLADSTONE persists obstinately in a determination which is intrinsically wrong, he will greatly weaken his hold of a House of Commons which may perhaps be disposed to waver in its allegiance. On the other hand, it will not be easy to find a competent First Lord of the Admiralty.

It is impossible to foresee the bearing of foreign affairs on the position of the Government. The prospect of an early peace will silence the agitators who proposed armed intervention on the side of France; but their clamour would in any case scarcely have found an echo in Parliament. Although Mr. DISRAELI may perhaps amuse himself with sarcasms on the inability of the Government to influence the course of events on the Continent, all parties will be aware that any other body of Ministers would have been compelled to adopt the same prudent and unambitious policy. More difficult questions may be raised if the results of the Russian Conference are known at the beginning of the Session; but in general Parliament shows its political aptitude by abstaining from imprudent interference with the diplomatic transactions of the Government. It will be well if Lord GRANVILLE succeeds in escaping from the necessity of inglorious concessions; but the country would only in extreme cases repudiate the acts of the Foreign Secretary, although it might resent any want of spirit on the part of him and his colleagues. The vessel of the State is in need rather of an increase of motive power than of more skilful navigation. It is useless for the Government to utter the words of wisdom if it has not the means of compelling other Powers to listen. All Europe and America are fully persuaded that for the present it is impossible for England to maintain any national quarrel. Well-informed politicians indeed know that the present weakness is not to be attributed to want of resource in wealth or population; but until an efficient army is organized, both friends and enemies will disregard English advice and remonstrance. Mr. GLADSTONE would recover more than his former popularity if he were to show himself equal to the occasion. The vein of retrenchment is for the present worked out; and it is not probable that any domestic measure which the Government may introduce will excite general enthusiasm. The terrible sufferings of France have produced a universal conviction that national strength and safety are paramount to all other considerations. The fanatics who, in the days of the Peace Society, argued that submission to an invader would be cheaper than resistance, have found their base doctrine refuted by the spectacle of widespread distress and ruin.

It is probable that the debate on the Address may, for the first time in several years, be animated and interesting. The substance of the QUEEN'S Speech might in 1869 and 1870 have been anticipated with tolerable accuracy, and it was known that the leaders of the Opposition would not compromise themselves by premature criticism. On Thursday next there will almost certainly be a discussion on foreign affairs, and if the Speech or the Ministerial statement discloses the nature of the Army Bill, Lord ELCHO and Mr. TREVELYAN

will seize the opportunity of recommending their own projects of reform. Mr. BAUCE will perhaps only announce the heads of the measures which he is pledged to introduce; nor will the House be inclined to anticipate the discussion of the difficult and unattractive subjects of the beer trade and of sanitary legislation. The chief interest of the occasion will, as usual, centre in the answer of the PRIME MINISTER to the questions and comments which will proceed from a section of his own supporters as well as from the Opposition. It may be hoped that Mr. GLADSTONE's ordinary copiousness will not, as on a former occasion, be exchanged for unseasonable reticence. His careful avoidance of the subject of Belgium when the House wished to hear of nothing else diminished his influence more largely than any other mistake which he has committed since the formation of his Government. If he wishes for the sympathy of Parliament, he must condescend to understand the feelings which he may possibly not share. At the same time he may take warning by the scandal which has arisen from the rashness of a recent periodical writer. It will be wholly unnecessary to dilate on the corruption of the Imperial Government of France, or the ambition of Count BISMARCK, or even on the piety of the King of PRUSSIA. Lord GRANVILLE may be trusted to explain with proper tact and caution the conduct or inaction of the Government since the beginning of the war; but the House of Commons will not be flattered if it has once more to revert to the other House for an explanation of the Ministerial policy. No amount of eloquence will compensate for the absence of a plain and intelligible statement.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

NOW that Paris has capitulated and France is gathering together an Assembly to treat of peace or war, it becomes of the utmost importance to know what are the terms on which Germany will insist. Even M. GAMBETTA might perhaps accept a peace provided he did not think it utterly discreditable and outrageous. Even when the Assembly meets it will be difficult for it to know whether to decide on peace or to prefer war until it knows what the conqueror of France demands. Every one is therefore most anxious to ascertain, or willing to guess, what Count BISMARCK really wants. The *Times*' Correspondent at Berlin has undertaken to supply the desired information, and has telegraphed that Count BISMARCK wants Alsace and Lorraine, with Belfort and Metz, twenty of the largest ships of the French navy, Pondicherry, and 400,000,000*l.* sterling. We should think it very unlikely that Count BISMARCK would reveal the secret of his demands through a minor official to a newspaper Correspondent, and probably this startling announcement is about as trustworthy as the recent fiction that Count BISMARCK when he met JULES FAYRE had the EMPRESS's assent to his terms in his pocket. Still the terms of even an imaginary list of demands afford matter for discussion, because France can scarcely be asked to do more than give money, ships, colonies, and territory, and the only question is as to the amount. Twenty large ships is said to be about all the ironclads the French have got, and thus the demand amounts to the transfer of the valuable part of the French navy. Undoubtedly France could make over the amount of ships, and Germany might be glad to receive them; and so far this would be the easiest part of the supposed settlement to carry out practically. But how can it be believed that France can be asked to pay four hundred millions sterling? It is of course very easy to assume that or any other gigantic sum as a beginning of negotiation, but Count BISMARCK would, we should think, not be the sort of man to waste time in making demands merely to abandon them. What could be the use of asking France to pay four hundred millions sterling? It is an amount that France could not pay. It would mean an increase of at least thirty millions sterling a year to her taxation, even if she could get the money in the first instance. But she could not get it. The money is not to be had in France, and the borrowing power of France in the outside world is not very great. The credit of France has for the last half-century been very good, and the savings of the country have been from time to time invested in the creation of new rentes; but France has lately been very heavily taxed, and now that it has undergone such a terrible destruction of its accumulated wealth, and of its sources of wealth, it would find it very difficult to keep up its revenue to the old level. To add thirty millions of new taxation would be beyond what the country could do. Lenders would know this. They would not

believe that any Government could enforce the additional taxation necessary, and so the money would not be lent. Count BISMARCK will know all this without any one telling him, and he may be trusted to see that to ask a smaller sum, which could really be paid, would be much wiser than to name a figure that could be only adopted in order, by the extravagance of affecting to ask for it, to mark how utterly France was crushed.

The cession of Pondicherry would certainly be no loss to France, and as certainly it would be no gain to Germany. Pondicherry cannot be used as a centre of trade or as a stronghold. It is a melancholy little spot on the Coromandel coast which no ship can approach, the only communication between the mainland and the ocean being by rafts that can live through the surf. It is precluded from trading with the interior of India, and by the 12th Article of the Treaty of Peace of 1814, when it was restored to France, it was provided that France should not construct on it any fortifications or works of defence, and that it should only maintain there the number of troops necessary for police purposes. In 1840 the number of European residents there was under a thousand, and the native population was under a hundred thousand. A more useless, dreary, and miserable possession cannot be imagined, and France can only cede what it has got to cede, and if Germany takes Pondicherry she must take it with its engagements. So long as it is not fortified it must be open to capture at any time by an English force, and, as it has no trade and little revenue, the expenses involved in holding it must in time of peace be a dead loss. Germans must have thrown away all their old traditions of prudence and thrift if they would accept Pondicherry as a gift, and to claim it as one of the prizes of a great war seems incredibly absurd. The fact is that the French have got no colonies that are worth having, and Germany, although she might get any she chose to ask for, cannot find any to claim. The trade of Germany in the East is a growing trade, and it would not be an unreasonable ambition to have a German naval station in the Eastern seas; but the naval stations of France in those parts are suited neither for the purposes of peace nor for those of war, and Germany is not likely to fall into the mistake, from which France has suffered so much, of occupying stations and annexing territories that are of no use, merely to have the name of counterbalancing the power and influence of England. But, at the same time, if this project for the cession of Pondicherry could be considered as deserving serious discussion, it is not to be denied that the passing of this valueless settlement into German hands, although it could do Germany no good, might do England harm. The intrusion of a new European Power into India, and more especially of a Power just triumphant in a great war, might, to say the least, unsettle the minds of the natives. The existence of the Portuguese and French settlements in India has been tolerated because they date from so remote an antiquity and are of so infinitesimal an importance that India thinks nothing about them, and accepts them as part of the order of things that exists. But England cannot afford to see the introduction of a new and agitating element into Indian politics, and the excited imaginations of the natives would in all probability see in a German settlement at Pondicherry the rising of the little black cloud that was eventually to overshadow the sky of English power. We undertake to keep down a hundred millions of Asiatics with 60,000 English troops, which is a very arduous undertaking, and only possible of accomplishment because there is no rival influence to ours, and no visible sign of any Power but that of England. We are forced by the necessities of our position to have a sort of MONROE doctrine for India, and cannot allow any other European Power to have a footing there. Nominally France and Portugal retain tiny settlements in India, but these decaying inheritances of an ancient past escape notice, and are only endurable because no one remembers or attends to them.

The territory to be ceded is by far the most important part of the terms of peace. Alsace may be looked on as gone, and France, if she can swallow the humiliation of having to cede a province that has been perfectly faithful to her, and is most reluctant to be separated from her, may cede Alsace without any very serious loss. But the line of the Moselle, including Metz, is a very different thing. If Germany has Metz, while it will be protected from all danger of invasion, it will always see France lying open before it. The blow to France will be immense. She will be as Italy was while Austria still held the Quadrilateral. The question, however, whether Metz is to become German or not must not be looked at solely from the point of view

of the harm it will do to France. We have also to consider what may be the reasons that would be likely to induce the Germans to insist on retaining it. France is by many of her English friends, and by all the party represented by GAMBETTA, urged even now to go on with the war. This resolution, if adopted, could only be based on the supposition that France, if it persisted, might be successful. But if France is such a wonderful country that, after all its defeats, with no regular troops, no generals capable of conducting a campaign, and no established Government, it can force back its conquerors behind the Moselle, take Metz from them, and hurl them back into Germany, the odds against Germany if France had leisure to recruit its strength, got a new disciplined army, trustworthy generals, and a strong Government, must be overwhelming, and Germany cannot afford to abandon any means of self-defence for the future. Then, again, Metz has been the stake for which both sides have been struggling since Sedan. At Ferrières Count BISMARCK would have been content with Strasburg, Bitsche, and a rectification of the frontier near Saarbrück. The French replied that they would not yield an inch of soil or a stone of a fortress. They insisted on more war, on exposing the German army to great trials and dangers, on dooming many thousand Germans to death, and on drying up to a new and great extent the springs of German industry. Having played for the stake, and lost, why should they not pay? Why should Germany take now only what she would have taken four months ago? And then the great inducement to Germany to prolong the war has been the hope of exacting terms that would make another war with France improbable. There can be little doubt, we think, that France would be much less likely to venture on a new war if Metz stood in the way. The very argument against the cession of Metz is that it would leave France so powerless. But the more difficulties there exist in the way of success, the greater must be the indisposition of a nation to begin a war. We are at a loss to see what argument could be addressed to a German against the demand for Metz. It is easy to see why France, if she could fight any longer, should fight on rather than give up Metz, and if there were any neutral Power prepared to fight Germany rather than witness the balance of power between Germany and France destroyed for the future, such a neutral could not hesitate to intervene rather than acquiesce in the transfer of the great French fortress to Germany. But the Germans who have made up their minds to retain so much of French territory as they can hold effectively and at little cost, and yet will make them safe from France, will think solely of what there is to induce them to relinquish the hold they have got on the fortress which is much more truly the key of France than Strasburg was the key of Germany. It is true that, for the sake of seeming to be as moderate as possible, they may content themselves with asking that the fortifications of Metz should be razed; but this is, we fear, the utmost that France can hope for; and although this would be much better for France than having a first-class German fortress literally on the edge of France, yet it may be assumed that the German military leaders would only acquiesce in the arrangement because they felt sure that, if the fortress of Metz ceased to exist, the road into France would still be open, while the road into Germany would be barred by the Vosges and Strasburg and the Eastern fortresses of Lorraine.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

GENERAL SCHENCK, who is expected in England a few days hence, may be supposed to enjoy the confidence of the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE. He will probably be careful to avoid the mysterious errors of manner or conduct which caused the dismissal of Mr. MOTLEY; and he will not be held responsible for the misdeeds of Mr. SUMNER or any other Senator. After the repudiation by the Senate of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S Treaty, it was announced that the negotiation was only to be renewed at Washington; but it seems that General SCHENCK is empowered to make some kind of overture to the English Government. If he repeats the complaints which have been founded by General GRANT and Mr. FISH on the unfriendly spirit attributed to England during the civil war, Lord GRANVILLE might perhaps ask him in return for his opinion on the recent vote of the House of Representatives. It would be scarcely courteous to add that a sillier and more shameless act of rudeness was never perpetrated by a deliberative Assembly. On the motion of General BUTLER, the House has resolved, by a majority of 172 to 21, that a welcome shall be offered

to O'DONOVAN ROSSA and the other discharged Fenian convicts. When General BUTLER lately proposed at Boston that a series of insults should be offered to England for the sake of reuniting the Republican party, a few respectable American writers and speakers protested against the proposal, and declared that General BUTLER had no pretension to represent public opinion. The effusive advocates of the United States in England eagerly accepted the assurance; and the expression of a doubt whether the lowest American demagogue is not the most popular of political leaders was not unnaturally denounced as invidious and indiscreet. Nevertheless it was known that General BUTLER had been twice elected by a district in Massachusetts, and soon afterwards the PRESIDENT reproduced in his Message to Congress several of the arguments and suggestions which had been applauded at Boston. It now appears that the House of Representatives, at the instigation of General BUTLER, almost unanimously agrees to offer a gross and wanton affront to the English Government and nation. The Democrats have united with the Republicans in the approval of rebellion against the English Government as an act intrinsically meritorious. It is not necessary that the Fenian conspiracy should rise to the dignity of a political enterprise, or that its ringleaders should have a reasonable prospect of success. The convicts are offenders against English law; and therefore at Washington they are heroes and martyrs. Two of the three members of the Federal Government have now displayed bitter hostility to England. It remains to be seen whether the Senate concurs in the litigious carping of the PRESIDENT, and in the ill-bred malignity of the House of Representatives. Unluckily the majority of the body consists of the partisans of General GRANT and of the followers of Mr. SUMNER. The self-respect of the Senate will secure it from the degradation incurred by the House; but the President of the Senate, when he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, invited the Fenian leaders to take places on the floor.

There has been no civil war in the United Kingdom, nor were the Fenian conspirators supported by any constituted body or by any respectable section of the community. When the Southern States seceded from the Union they carried with them the whole machinery of government, as well as the titular sovereignty which they had retained for themselves when they first entered the Union. Their right to secede was acknowledged by nearly all American statesmen and jurists, and it was scarcely disputed by the PRESIDENT himself. Nearly all the army and navy officers of Southern origin thought it their duty to hold their State allegiance paramount, although many of them disapproved of the policy of secession. The Confederate Government raised great armies, and for two years maintained superiority in the field; and during that time few of the friends of the Union deemed it possible to reclaim the Southern States by force. From the beginning of the war to the end both Houses of the English Parliament steadily discountenanced the passage of any resolution, and even the delivery of any speech, which might be unacceptable to the United States. It was impossible wholly to silence the expression of the sympathies of private members, but the leaders of parties succeeded in preventing, not only an obnoxious vote, but a formal discussion of the merits of the belligerents. The courtesy and caution which are nurtured by traditions of political responsibility have met with little appreciation, but not even the SHERMANS or the BUTLERS have been able to discover a grievance in the Parliamentary proceedings of four years. In the early part of the war, when a foolish naval officer had committed an outrage on the English flag, the Lower House of Congress hastened to pass a vote of thanks for an act which the SECRETARY of STATE was soon afterwards compelled to disavow. It is not surprising that such a body should be regarded by intelligent Americans with merited disrespect, but the House of Representatives is elected by universal suffrage, and, notwithstanding the indifference of the people to the qualifications of the members for a share in the government of the country, the House must be supposed to express the opinions of the constituencies. Unless General SCHENCK is authorised to express on the part of the PRESIDENT entire dissent from the measure adopted by the House of Representatives, it seems a waste of time to discuss the means of removing existing differences. An alliance with Fenian convicts is utterly inconsistent with any scheme for establishing friendly relations between England and the United States. The systematic deference which has been displayed by English Ministers to American susceptibility is evidently misinterpreted. It would be better to apply the same balance or standard to the conduct of both Governments. When a strict account is demanded of the alleged

negligence shown in the matter of the *Alabama*, it would be well to inquire whether the American Government has been blameless in permitting two invasions of Canada by forces organized in its territory with full knowledge on the part of the Federal and State authorities. Some sacrifice of feeling might be made for the sake of peace and goodwill; but it is not worth while to make concessions which will be followed by the spiteful civilities tendered by Congress to O'DONOVAN ROSSA. As long as the PRESIDENT and the House acknowledge General BUTLER for their guide and leader no settlement of disputes is possible. The arrangement of the *Alabama* claims would be immediately succeeded by demands for a share in the Canadian fisheries or in the navigation of the St. Lawrence. The characteristic lawlessness of American diplomacy may be explained by the influence of political leaders of the stamp of General BUTLER. His more decent countrymen are ashamed of the power which he exercises; but universal suffrage cares little for the scruples of respectability. At present General BUTLER seems to be the most prominent politician in the United States, and when he is most recklessly in the wrong he is most implicitly followed by the popular branch of the Legislature. If Mr. BEESLY at any time leads a House of Commons consisting mainly of OGGERS and BRADLAUGHS, he will perhaps pass resolutions as offensive to foreign Powers as the late vote of the House of Representatives.

Notwithstanding the menacing language of the PRESIDENT and the bluster of his confidential adviser, the Government of the United States has no immediate intention of making war upon England. The only possible enterprise which could be attempted would be the invasion of Canada, and probably even American opinion would disapprove of a servile imitation of the proceedings of GRAMONT and LEBEUF. There is no standing army available for the purpose; and the country is not prepared, in the entire absence of a pretext for war, to raise a great force of Volunteers for a profligate act of aggression. If the PRESIDENT really intends to act on the suggestions of General BUTLER, it would be idle to attempt to deter him from the scheme by any effort at conciliation. If the conflict is forced upon England, it will not be terminated without serious injury to the aggressor. It is well that General BUTLER and General GRANT have committed the blunder of fastening a quarrel on the Canadians, instead of confining their provocations to the Imperial Government. The conquest of the Dominion would not be easy; and if General BUTLER were to lead a contingent to Ireland he might find it difficult to return.

POLITICS IN FRANCE.

THE fall of Paris, and the armistice which has followed upon it, mark a political as well as a military catastrophe. The Government of National Defence has been upon its trial, and its failure, unavoidable though it be, is certain to weight the Republic in the race for power which must soon begin. The theory that did most to reconcile the majority of Frenchmen to the establishment of a form of government which they viewed with distaste and apprehension was that nothing but a Republic could call forth the power of resistance supposed to be latent in the French people. Certainly M. GAMBETTA did all that one man could to justify this belief. Unfortunately for his reputation, the part he had to play rarely commands applause, unless it has first commanded success. If the materials he had to mould had been only a little better, or if the enemy against whom he was contending had been only a little less formidable, the result might have justified the popular expectation, and the vigour and resolution of M. GAMBETTA's policy would have been the object of universal praise. Now it is doubtful whether, except in a few of the great towns, he has any real following in France. A Government which comes into power at a crisis like that of September 1870 carries its political life in its hand. The Republic had little popularity to lose after the capitulation of Sedan, but after the capitulation of Paris it will probably prove to have lost even that little. All that M. GAMBETTA has effected during the last three months—the armies he has raised, the weapons he has imported, the Generals he has discovered and promoted—will go for nothing. He undertook to save France from dismemberment, and the spoilers are already marking out their booty; he undertook to drive the invaders back to Berlin, and they are now dictating terms at Paris. It would need discrimination as well as generosity not to hold the man who has failed to avert these disasters as in some measure the author of them, and neither virtue is often found in crowds. Supposing, therefore, as on the whole seems most probable, that the armistice is

followed by a peace, the Republic can hardly be otherwise than discredited by the mere fact of being in power when the peace has to be made. This is so obvious that it is not likely that M. GAMBETTA will himself be a party to the negotiation. We are more inclined to expect that, after trying his best to induce the Assembly to go on fighting, he will, if his counsel is rejected, retire into voluntary seclusion. When France begins to recover ever so little from her present exhaustion, the man who in the worst of times did not despair of the Republic may have a great career before him. It may be argued that this would at best be a selfish policy to pursue, that M. GAMBETTA's duty is to employ his great talents in the reconstruction of the country after the war without regard to the particular institutions under which he may have to live. But in estimating the morality of his conduct, some account must always be taken of his peculiar theories. The Legitimist who takes part in public affairs, or holds himself altogether aloof from them, just as he thinks will best further his schemes for the restoration of an hereditary monarch, is not consciously unpatriotic, since in his view the welfare of the country is inseparably linked to the fortunes of its rightful sovereign. There are many people who can respect extravagant loyalty to a king, but are wholly unable to make allowance for extravagant devotion to a Republic. Yet these two extremes of fanaticism have a common origin, and may both be traced to a belief that there is a particular form of government established by Divine Right, and consequently altogether independent of the consent of its subjects. Probably M. GAMBETTA would acknowledge that a numerical majority of Frenchmen are more or less actively anti-Republican, but this would not appear to him any reason for adopting another form of government; he would only see in it a warning not to give that majority the means of recording its views so long as it was possible to postpone the evil day.

It is impossible to form any conclusion as to the immediate political future in France. It is hardly likely that any serious effort at Constitution-making will be made in the Session of the National Assembly which is to open on the 15th of this month. The Deputies will meet on the Wednesday, or at earliest on the Sunday, and at noon on the following Sunday the armistice expires. The interval will not be more than long enough to debate the immediate issue of peace or war, and, whichever way the decision goes, the most natural course will be to adjourn immediately it has been arrived at. As soon, however, as the terms of peace have been definitively arranged, the Assembly must become Constituent in purpose, if not in name. The schemes of setting NAPOLEON III. again on the throne, so persistently attributed to Count BISMARCK, have been discredited by his unexpected willingness to treat with M. FAVRE, and by the permission to elect representatives accorded to the French nation. That Count BISMARCK, in the event of the National Assembly rejecting his conditions, may try whether the ex-EMPEROR will serve his turn better is quite possible. The Chancellor is not the man to be scrupulous as to the means or the agents he employs, and Germany seems to have tutored itself into a contemptuous hatred of the French nation, which might be rather gratified than shocked by the addition of political degradation to military defeat. Certainly, a dirtier material with which to work than the Imperialist conspirators who make *La Situation* their organ could not easily be found. How little real hold they consider themselves to have upon France may be judged from the extravagance of the thesis which is daily maintained in that journal. That the capitulation of Paris is the fruit of an Orleanist intrigue, and that M. FAVRE has sold France to the Germans in the interest of the Duke of AUMALE, are inventions which would hardly be ventured on except by reckless and almost hopeless exiles. As yet there is no proof that either NAPOLEON III. or the Empress EUGÉNIE has any hand in these contemptible manoeuvres. As far as the latter, at all events, is concerned, we shall be slow to believe that she will consent that either her husband or her son shall return to France as a political mendicant, dependent for the few crumbs of authority he may scrape together on the calculating charity of the public enemy. Except by an intrigue of this kind, it is difficult to see what chance the ex-EMPEROR can promise himself. However obnoxious the Provisional Government may have become for having continued the war, the Empire cannot escape the blame of having begun it; and, besides this source of unpopularity, it will have to bear the loss of the peculiar reputation which attached to it as the chosen protector of the material Conservatism of the country. An unprosperous Empire—an Empire shorn of its external glitter, and condemned to be thrifty and unostentatious—would be a contradiction in terms. NAPOLEON III. must pro-

vide for his creatures, for he would have no one else to execute his orders, and it will be long before France will have any surplus funds at her disposal for the furtherance of such an end as this. Nor is there one of those political fallacies which used to form the staple of the Napoleonic oratory that could now be used without exciting the contempt of every listener. Events have shown that neither the honour nor the integrity of France was safe in the EMPEROR's hands, that the corruption he had permitted in the civil departments of the public service had extended to the administration of the army, that in reviving the Napoleonic tradition in France he had deprived it of its solitary recommendation—military glory. There may be some fraction of truth in the statement that the rural sub-prefects and mayors who have come into Versailles to arrange about the affairs of their several districts declare that the peasants ask for their "pauvre EMPEREUR;" though a subordinate French official having to pay a visit to the German headquarters, with rumours of an Imperialist restoration by German arms flying about him, would be very likely to suit his information to the supposed atmosphere of the place. But a sentimental reflection on the part of the peasantry in an occupied district that they were better off under the Empire before the war began than under the Republic after it began is not likely to be very fertile in consequences. The instinct which did most for NAPOLEON III. in 1851 was the dread of Socialism and anarchy. The most timid Conservative would hardly now regard him as a very puissant protector against these or any other dangers.

The political danger which is most formidable for France is one which is wholly unconnected with any one party or any past or future dynasty. It is the utter absence of local leadership. In part this may be due to the jealousy entertained by M. GAMBETTA of influences hostile to the cause he wishes to see triumph. Republicans are rare, except in the great towns; and non-Republicans, however welcome they might be as soldiers, or even as generals, were hardly desired as organizers. But the real cause of the evil is of much longer standing. It lies in that obliteration of every local power, except such as directly represents the Government, which has been the characteristic of French administration from the days of Louis XIV. downwards. Had this country been placed in the plight in which France has found herself since the fall of Sedan, she might have fought—in her present state of preparation she probably would have fought—with quite as ill success. But she would not have approached the work of political reconstruction without any guidance but such as is to be obtained from the direct agents of the Administration. France has her prefects and her sub-prefects, but she has nothing else, and prefects and sub-prefects are of little use when the mainspring which moves them is out of order. The more perfect is the machinery of government, the more complete and the more disastrous are the consequences of its suspension, supposing that local and individual energy can supply nothing to take its place.

MR. HARRISON ON THE EFFACEMENT OF ENGLAND.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has published in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* a forcible Essay, under the title of *The Effacement of England*, on the political effacement of France and the European supremacy of Prussia. Everything which Mr. HARRISON writes is worth reading, for he thinks vigorously, feels strongly, and expresses himself with genuine eloquence. His style derives an additional attraction from the unconcealed intolerance which regards his opponents as pedants, sophists, twaddlers, or hypocrites. His occasional exaggerations have little tendency to mislead, and they prove how thoroughly he is in earnest. It is not exactly true that "large and populous cities have been, not once, but twenty, thirty, forty times bombarded and burnt, and the women and children in them wantonly slaughtered with the sole object of inflicting suffering." The Germans have not in fact "fired and shattered a city of two million souls, or ground its palaces and churches to powder in mere brutality"; but every reader of the newspapers knows the facts, and may easily understand Mr. HARRISON's meaning. It would not have been in the power even of MOLTKE or BISMARCK to burn the same city forty times over, nor indeed have they burnt or tried to burn a single city in France; but the German armies have laid a heavy hand on the country, although they have not ground Paris to powder either in mere brutality or under the influence of any other motive. If Paris had

not capitulated, its buildings would have been seriously damaged, and the sufferings of its two millions of inhabitants would have been greatly aggravated. When a State thinks fit to turn its capital into a great fortress, it must be understood to invite a siege with all its consequences. It would be a monstrous pretension that France should maintain an impregnable centre of resistance which a victorious enemy was prohibited from assailing. The measures which have at last extorted submission have certainly not been adopted in a spirit of mere brutality. When a creditor puts in an execution, his object is rather to recover his money than to persecute his debtor. The inaccuracy which commonly attends rhetorical excitement is illustrated in a trifling matter by the statement that the death of the CROWN PRINCE would probably be followed by a regency of Prince FREDERIC CHARLES for a term of twenty years. The CROWN PRINCE was married thirteen years ago, and his heir must be eleven or twelve years old; yet it may be admitted that Mr. HARRISON is justified in setting aside the anticipations of a peaceful policy which are founded on the character of the CROWN PRINCE.

The more serious part of the Essay contains an alarming picture of the dangers which are to be apprehended from the aggrandizement of Prussia. Mr. HARRISON describes with all the force of antipathy the military aristocracy which, as he says, has at last found a man of genius to represent and to use it. "Scratch the Junker, and you will find the Lanzknecht." "The Empire, threatened already by the people, must rest on the vast soldier-caste; to reward and stimulate that soldier-caste, fresh aliment must be found for its soldier pride." One of the chief aspirations of Germany is the creation of a navy by which the sovereignty of the seas may be wrested from England. On the other hand, according to Mr. HARRISON, France, with all her faults and mistakes, has now for half a century concurred more and more in the policy of England. Public opinion in both countries has coincided on the great questions of Turkey, of Italy, of Poland, and of Denmark; and even when the French Government has gone contrary, the feeling of the nation has been sound. There is some truth in Mr. HARRISON's statement, but it is the half-truth of the advocate rather than the impartial conclusion of the judge. It was the EMPEROR, and not the French people, that defended Turkey and liberated Italy; and neither the EMPEROR nor the people consented to join England in the defence of Denmark. If it were worth while to diverge upon a side issue, it might perhaps appear that the Danish question was not altogether simple; and that the attachment of Schleswig and Holstein to Germany was not less worthy of consideration than the devotion of Alsace and Lorraine to France; but on the whole Mr. HARRISON is right in regretting the partial and temporary effacement of France. There is always reason to fear that a great and triumphant military Power will use and misuse its strength. If words or wishes could undo the results of the last six months, the great majority of Englishmen would agree with Mr. HARRISON in replacing the European system where it stood before the war. The alternative with which statesmen have actually to deal is undoubtedly formidable. The German EMPEROR is more powerful than the first NAPOLEON was at the summit of his greatness; and Mr. HARRISON believes that, with his civil and military counsellors around him, he is not less ambitious and aggressive. It is a plausible doctrine that a military aristocracy must be provided with opportunities of employment and victory; nor is it inconceivable that Count BISMARCK may still have projects of aggrandisement in reserve. It is one of the favourite arts of the orator to represent as certain or as existent a more or less probable product of the imagination. The Prussian Junkers or Lanzknechts have formed a military caste for many generations, and yet their Government has been habitually unwarlike. When the freedom of Germany and of Europe was at stake Prussia maintained peace from 1794 to 1806, and from 1815 to 1864 she frequently incurred obloquy by unwillingness to draw the sword. In 1850 FREDERIC WILLIAM IV. was ridiculed throughout Germany for his submission to Austria and Russia; and in 1854 and 1855 the Prussian Government resisted the urgent appeals of the Western Powers and of Austria. Six weeks of war in 1866, and six months of war in 1870 and 1871, cannot have wholly changed the policy and the character of the people and the Government. The German EMPEROR is, as Mr. HARRISON for another purpose suggests, not a transient adventurer, dependent for his power on the favour of the army.

Mr. HARRISON touches but lightly on the practical conclusion which he draws from his elaborate catalogue of dangers. That England should intervene on behalf of France

is an intelligible proposition, but it is not a necessary inference. There are still successors of the Whigs of a former generation who dispute the necessity and expediency of the great war against NAPOLEON; and if the first French Empire had not been avowedly and irreconcilably hostile to England, their opinions would at least be plausible. A declaration of war against Germany would scarcely be justified by vague suspicion of the designs of BISMARCK, or even by repugnance to the supremacy of a military caste. It is at least possible that Mr. HARRISON may be mistaken, and that the Germans may be sincere in their professions of an earnest desire for peace. It will be time enough to display jealousy of the German navy when it has come into existence. Even if the French are forced to surrender a part of their fleet they will not furnish seamen or naval experience to their enemies. It might even be contended that a German fleet would be a hostage for peace with England; but it is sufficient that the experiment of becoming a maritime Power could offer no just cause of offence. The best reason which Mr. HARRISON can urge for a coalition against Germany is founded on the good old principle of the balance of power. The modern repudiation of the traditional policy of England may be attributed to inertness and timidity as justly as to improvement in statesmanlike wisdom; but it is surprising that an advocate of revolutionary changes should fall back on the maxims of CHATHAM, of PITT, and of PALMERSTON. It seems that the acquiescence of the governing orders in the policy of COBDEN is the crowning proof of their degradation. Perhaps it may at least as fairly be regarded as a proof that they have in fact ceased to govern. The constituencies of England are not sufficiently interested in international questions; and it is certain that if Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues were to follow Mr. HARRISON's advice they would fail to command the assent of the House of Commons or of the country. At the beginning of the century English statesmen, with many faults, were absolutely fearless. In the memoirs and confidential letters of the time there is nothing more striking than the calm confidence which is rather implied than professed in the presence of the most imminent dangers. If Mr. HARRISON could inspire modern Ministers with the same indifference to danger, he would have done something to counteract the incidental evils which have resulted from the extension of popular influence; but it would still remain a grave question whether it was prudent or justifiable to engage in an unprovoked war for the sole purpose of maintaining or restoring the balance of power.

THE DOWRY OF THE QUEEN'S DAUGHTER.

IT is unfortunate that an approaching Royal marriage should furnish an occasion of discord between Liberal members of Parliament and their constituencies. But it really seems as if the dowry of Princess LOUISE would, if an election could now be held, cost many supporters of the Government their seats. Meetings have been lately held between representatives and constituents in several important boroughs, and almost always with the same result. The members have avowed their intention of voting for a dowry to the PRINCESS, which a large section of their supporters has emphatically disapproved. At Birmingham the reception of Messrs. DIXON and MUNTZ was by no means favourable, and it may be doubted whether Mr. BRIGHT, if he had been present, would not have been charged with subserviency to Royalty. Mr. DIXON was confronted by a constituent who flourished in his face a copy of *Reynolds's Newspaper*, and demanded whether he had read it, whereupon Mr. DIXON answered that he had not. We understand that this newspaper, which is published in London, is largely read in Birmingham and other manufacturing towns, and we have read it in order to inform ourselves as to the opinions of those voters who are dissatisfied with such advanced Liberals as Mr. DIXON or Mr. STANSFELD. We find on examining this paper that the opposition to the PRINCESS's dowry is maintained by a Correspondent who writes under the name of "GRACCHUS." This writer appears to have assumed the office of our old friend "PUBLICOLA" in the *Weekly Dispatch*. He is the champion of the oppressed and impoverished class of artisans, and it is to be hoped that his clients understand all that he implies by calling himself "GRACCHUS." The special subject of his letter is "the cost of Monarchy," and he says that Messrs. WINTERBOTHAM and FORSTER "and other members of the Turncoat Brigade" would have it believed that nothing but Monarchy will do for the country. But some hard-headed and horny-handed constituents of

"these Royalty-worshipping statesmen" do not seem, says he, to have taken all for gospel that was told them. Mr. WINTERBOTHAM may or may not be a worshipper of Royalty, but it is surely premature to reckon him among statesmen. The writer proceeds to estimate the cost of Monarchy, and to contrast with it the cost of Republicanism in the United States. In his view a Republic works better, as well as far more cheaply, than a Monarchy. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE draws higher pay than General SHERMAN, and is inferior in ability. The LORD CHANCELLOR draws higher pay than Chief-Justice CHASE, and is not superior in ability. This is not very terrific roaring, but it puts the question in a way which Mr. FORSTER or Mr. WINTERBOTHAM might find it difficult to answer. It is easily seen by an educated Liberal that Monarchy produces certain social results which can hardly be expected from a Republic. He may perhaps think that these results are commonly over-valued, but he will not deny that they possess some value. If this is true of England, it is still more true of France, where from our present point of view the notion of a Republic is almost ludicrous. The fashionable world can no more do without a French Court than the Roman Catholic world can dispense with the POPE. If the educated Liberal fails to see the force of this reasoning, he has perhaps a wife and daughters who can assist him. But unfortunately this argument in favour of Monarchy cannot easily be made intelligible to the "hard-headed and horny-handed" constituents who are giving trouble to Liberal representatives. And if it be said that the Monarchy which exists in England works tolerably well, and that there would be risk in changing to a Republic, this again is an argument which is much more readily appreciated by a member of the upper or middle class of society than by an artisan, who may not unnaturally think that he cannot lose, and may perhaps gain, by organic change.

The answers usually given by members who have been questioned upon this subject have evaded the difficulty which we have indicated, and have relied upon an arrangement or understanding supposed to have been entered into, either with her present MAJESTY or with some one of her Royal predecessors. To put the matter simply, it appears probable that HER MAJESTY's income was intended to be spent, and not to be saved; and, if so, it is unreasonable to complain that she is not prepared to pay a portion with her daughter. It is urged, further, that the Crown lands were surrendered to the nation in consideration of an adequate provision being made for the Sovereign, which implies a provision for the Royal Family. It is manifest, however, that the argument is not helped by this reference to the Crown lands, because a thoroughgoing Republican would answer that the Crown had already enjoyed these lands too long, and that the time had come for applying them to a more useful purpose. If it had been contended that the Irish Church ought not to be disendowed unless it were also disestablished, the answer would of course have been that it ought to be disestablished as well as disendowed. The best ground to take would probably be that the nation ought honourably to fulfil existing engagements, and that of all forms of government shabby Royalty is the least desirable. Thus it may be hoped that the followers of "GRACCHUS" may be temporarily appeased, and the dowry voted; and in the absence of fresh occasions of dispute, the question between Monarchy and Republic may perhaps be allowed to slumber. But if that question should be seriously raised, Liberal leaders will have to seek the help of their opponents against their own supporters. In view of such a possibility, we would venture to express the hope that the manufacture of Conservative working-men is proceeding more successfully than hitherto we have been able to believe.

Liberal leaders may thank themselves if the example of petty economy which they have lately set has been inconveniently imitated. The reduction of dockyard establishments, even if otherwise expedient, could hardly fail to provoke the remark that retrenchment is always made at the expense of the very class which is now most powerful in borough elections. One of the Judges lately mentioned that he had seen the QUEEN's sign-manual on a sheet of common foolscap, and if things have gone as far as that, it would not seem so very monstrous to propose that the QUEEN's daughter and her husband should live in furnished lodgings and make their visits in a hack fly. Another Judge mentioned that an ornamental card on which it had been usual to write the names of the Judges of the various circuits for submission to the QUEEN had been disallowed by the Treasury as too expensive. It is not wonderful that the editor of *Reynolds's Newspaper* should better this instruction by contending that Monarchy

itself is too expensive; and indeed this principle of substituting plain for decorated cards is capable of almost indefinite application. The Bible, indiscreetly used, may do much harm, and a most mischievous sermon might be preached upon the text "This might have been sold for much and given to the poor." All readers of these columns are likely to be satisfied with the argument that a Court with suitable state and ceremony is the necessary crown of the social edifice; but people who do not read these columns will be apt to contend that both edifice and crown are equally unnecessary. Princess LOUISE is to have a pension of 6,000*l.* a year, which by calculation would maintain a certain number of poor families. Preparations are being made for a marriage ceremony at Windsor Castle, which will probably comprise a banquet of luxurious character. Some arithmetical Republican will doubtless favour us with an estimate of the number of hungry children who might for the cost of this banquet have been supplied with as much weak tea and stale bread and salt butter as they could consume at a single sitting. If wedding-cards had not gone out of fashion the Treasury might have propitiated the modern GRACCHI by insisting that those of the Princess LOUISE and the Marquis of LORNE should be of the plainest and cheapest quality. Without entering into any discussion of possible causes of the apparently diminished popularity of the Royal Family, we may say that in our opinion the engagement of the PRINCESS ought to be a cause for that popularity to increase. The limit of the choice of husbands for the QUEEN's daughters which has hitherto prevailed can hardly be politically useful, and it was at least likely to be morally and socially injurious. We should have thought that this engagement furnished an occasion on which all classes and parties in the nation might join in congratulating the Sovereign. Speaking in a large sense, we should have said that it betokened a progress of Liberal ideas. It is, therefore, extremely disappointing to find assemblies of Englishmen, calling themselves Liberals, endeavouring to coerce members of Parliament into such a mean and paltry piece of stinginess as would be the refusal of a dowry on the marriage of Princess LOUISE. The unhappy Mr. AYRTON, who, when he was at the Treasury, may have shared in unpopular measures of retrenchment, is now bullied by his constituents because he is alleged to have had a hand in paying the travelling expenses of Prince CHRISTIAN and other "Serene beggars" from Germany. And although the Marquis of LORNE is not a "Serene beggar," the proposal for a dowry to his wife is as unpopular in the Tower Hamlets as at Birmingham. We have no sympathy with Mr. AYRTON, who was one of the modern GRACCHI before he became a Minister, and we should not be ill-pleased to hear him endeavouring to answer from the Treasury Bench the stern, uncompromising sort of speech which he made a few years back against a proposal to allow the QUEEN to keep Claremont in her own hands. The suggestion that this residence ought to be let for the highest rent that could be got for it may be compared to the suggestion that a Princess ought to find a husband rich enough to maintain her comfortably. But, fortunately, some of the artisans have more prudence and sense of decency than the scurrilous "GRACCHI" and his clamorous disciples. At a meeting of the Labour Representation League lately held at Manchester, this question of the dowry of Princess LOUISE was discussed in a spirit and language worthy of the most educated and refined assembly. The President expressed his opinion that "HER MAJESTY, in approving the marriage of her daughter to one of her subjects, had made an important concession to the liberality and good sense of her people"; and he was sure that "the working-classes would appreciate and approve this concession as heartily as any other body of men in the kingdom." We hope that these words may reach places where nothing that we can write is likely to be read.

THE FAILURE OF THE BANKRUPTCY ACT.

THE Bankruptcy Act of 1869 is not working satisfactorily. The cause is not far to seek, and is happily not beyond remedy; for, in spite of defects, the Act is in the main a good Act, and the administration of it has been committed to a Chief Judge who by universal consent is the fittest man in England for the post. To explain precisely why it is that such conditions should not have insured success, a little retrospect is needful. One great peculiarity of this last legislative effort to deal with Bankruptcy Reform is to be found in the enormous powers which are conferred upon the reconstituted Court. We are not quite sure that the full extent of these powers was realized even by the framers of the Bill, and it

certainly was not appreciated by any one else. The Act, however, has now received a judicial interpretation which gives to the Court of Bankruptcy an authority transcending that of any other tribunal in the country. The Court of Chancery had long exercised a very salutary jurisdiction in restraining proceedings in any other Court which might be contrary to equity or inadequate to do justice in any particular case. By the Act of 1869 the Court of Bankruptcy alone is exempted from this control, and is invested with all the powers of all the Superior Courts of Law or Equity. The Court of Bankruptcy is not only exempted from foreign interference, but is itself empowered to restrain proceedings in any other Court, including the Superior Courts of Common Law and Equity, and this to an extent far beyond the scope of the jurisdiction which the Chancellor had exercised for centuries. The Court of Chancery is accustomed to grant injunctions against actions at law, but only, as a rule, in cases where litigation is between the parties to the Chancery suit. No such limitation exists in the case of the Court of Bankruptcy, for it has been and is in the habit of exercising jurisdiction to restrain suits, actions, and proceedings in Chancery and at Law, even where the plaintiff is an entire stranger to the Bankruptcy proceedings. Formerly the Court of Bankruptcy had large powers for the purpose of distributing the bankrupt's estate, and full authority to decide questions arising thereout between the bankrupt and his creditors; but if any legal or equitable question arose whether certain property belonged to the bankrupt's estate or to a stranger, that question had to be decided by the appropriate Court, exactly as it would have been if no bankruptcy had occurred. Now all this is changed. A question of intricate law or delicate equity may arise between A. and B., involving, it may be, hundreds of thousands of pounds, and while the suit or the action is pending the defendant may become bankrupt. Instantly the Court of Bankruptcy is empowered to restrain the prosecution of any suit or action, and to take into its own hands the determination of all the thorny questions which the litigation may involve; and this although the plaintiff may not be a creditor of the bankrupt or in any way connected with the bankrupt's proceedings. The Court of Chancery and the Courts of Law are powerless to resist this transfer of jurisdiction.

We are not now discussing whether it was right to give this pre-eminent jurisdiction to a Court so special as the Court of Bankruptcy, or even whether such a construction was contemplated when the Act was passed. It is undoubtedly an anomalous and unprecedented power, but there are some reasons of convenience to be urged in its defence, and we are not prepared to assume that the primacy given to the Court of Bankruptcy is wrong until further experience shall have shown that it cannot be made to work satisfactorily. At present it does not so work; but there are reasons for this which do not necessarily demand the limitation of this enormous jurisdiction.

But one thing may be said without a particle of hesitation, and with a certainty of commanding unanimous assent. A Court which enjoys more extensive powers than the most august and ancient tribunals of the country ought to be administered by the wisest Judges and assisted by the ablest Bar that can be secured for the purpose; and it was perhaps mainly on account of the unlimited confidence reposed in the Chief Judge, designated almost by name in the Act itself, that the extreme powers conferred upon the Court were less closely scrutinized in Parliament than might otherwise have been the case. Every one argued that Mr. (now Vice-Chancellor) BACON might well be trusted with the almost unlimited authority conferred by the Act. This being so, it may be asked why the Act has worked so badly; and the answer is, because the vast powers which we have described are exercised, not by Vice-Chancellor BACON, though he is still Chief Judge, but by a body of men who were never appointed Judges at all, who never held even the lower grade of Commissioner, and were selected to fill the purely ministerial, and not very highly paid, office of Registrar under the Act of 1861. It stands to reason that the average capacity of any class of officials will be measured by the nature, the dignity, and the emoluments of the offices which they are willing to accept. There will be some of course above the average, and others as much below it, and among the Registrars of the Court of Bankruptcy there are no doubt some who, if fortune had been kinder to them, might have worthily filled judicial positions. The fact, however, remains that their ranks were filled up by men who found it in vain to aspire to a County Court, and were content to take an honourable but subordinate part in the administration of justice. No one will say that it is right

to entrust to Registrars powers in many respects exceeding those of a Vice-Chancellor or a Judge of the Queen's Bench; and we may add that, if it were right, it would be most unjust to the Registrars themselves to exact from them work of such high responsibility without rewarding them with the dignity and emolument appropriate to their duties. These are not merely our views—not merely the obvious conclusions of common sense—but they are, in substance, the recorded opinions of the Lords Justices of Appeal, who have taken occasion to say that new and grave questions of law ought not to come to them on appeal from officers of no higher status than the Registrars of the Court of Bankruptcy.

Now how has such a strange thing come about as this transfer of the highest judicial authority to officers who were never selected with a view to judicial duties at all? Whose fault is it? Let us say at once that it is not the fault of the Chief Judge, Vice-Chancellor BACON. He is a judge of whom none would speak but with the highest respect, and his share in the catastrophe that we have described consists only in the disability—common to all mankind—of being in two places at once. Each of the posts which he fills is enough to task all the strength and occupy all the time of any man who might undertake them. In the Court of Chancery he succeeds a Vice-Chancellor of remarkable energy and quickness, who nevertheless found his duties sufficient to employ him the whole of every day. In the Court of Bankruptcy he was selected as the one man pointed out by special capacity for the duty of giving shape to a system of law dimly indicated by a vague Act of Parliament, and of exercising with mature wisdom a jurisdiction of extraordinary scope. The experience of the last year shows that it is almost more than one man's work to perform the heavy duties of the Chief Judge in Bankruptcy. The whole of these duties within the metropolitan district, with merely nominal exceptions, are now got through by the Registrars, to whom (under an unfortunate section of the Act) the powers of the Chief Judge have been delegated. The appeals from County Courts form the only business which comes before the Chief Judge, and the grand reform which was contemplated in the substitution of one Judge of the highest class for three Commissioners has resulted in the delegation to officers lower in rank than Commissioners of powers far exceeding those which the Commissioners had ever wielded. Clearly the Court of Bankruptcy cannot without grave mischief be left in the hands of a body even of the best Registrars in the world. And the mischief is not confined to this Court. Those who know the Court of Chancery are aware that it is so pressed with interlocutory applications, administrative business, and especially with the adjustment of Company liabilities, that a Vice-Chancellor has seldom more than two days a week (and sometimes not that) to devote to the hearing of causes. On one of these two days the Court of Vice-Chancellor BACON is closed, while the Judge is hearing County Court appeals in Bankruptcy. The result has been that in the paper of causes for hearing at the end of January will be found some of the same names which were on the paper on the first day of November term.

How it happened that the Government thought fit to exact from one Judge the work of two, is a curious story. When the Bankruptcy Act passed, the appointment of Mr. BACON as the first Chief Judge was pressed upon the Government by the House of Commons. The demand was too well founded to be resisted, but the fact that Mr. BACON had previously condescended to accept the minor post of Commissioner, was made a plea for refusing him the full judicial emoluments which had always been intended for the Chief Judge. Afterwards, repenting his parsimony, Mr. GLADSTONE righted the injustice by appointing the Chief Judge to the first vacant Vice-Chancellorship. The Act expressly contemplated the union of the duties of Chief Judge with the dignity and rewards of a Vice-Chancellorship; but it was intended (as was announced during the passage of the Bill) that the Chief Judge should not be called upon to take any active part in the Court to which he might be attached, except in the event of his primary duties failing to occupy his time. That event has not happened, and yet the Chief Judge is compelled to withdraw himself for five days out of six from the Court which specially demands his constant supervision. And this is done with no assignable motive except to save the salary of an additional Judge. It is almost an impertinence to say, what every one knows, that Vice-Chancellor BACON is an admirable Vice-Chancellor and that he stands alone as a Chief Judge. But no man can do the work of two laborious offices with efficiency, and the administration of justice will be maimed both in the Court of Chancery and the Court

of Bankruptcy until the strength of the judicial Bench is increased by another Vice-Chancellor. This will leave the Court of Chancery with its old staff of Judges, and will allow the Chief Judge to rescue his own Court from the hands of Registrars while retaining the Vice-Chancellorship which belongs to him in virtue of his position in the Court of Bankruptcy, with only that contingent obligation to sit as an Equity Judge which might arise when his Bankruptcy jurisdiction may fail to occupy his time. We shall probably wait for years before this contingency arises. In the meantime the only question is whether the Ministry think that the efficiency of two of the highest Courts of Justice is worth the expenditure of 5,000*l.* a year.

THE WAR OF 1870-71.

XXIX.

IN a week full of startling events, the one master-event of the capitulation of Paris so overcomes all others that it is difficult to turn one's attention from it. The world has seldom had so exciting a drama before it as that enacted since we last wrote round the city which was wont to boast herself the Metropolis of Civilization. Bombarded in vain, her forts still defiant, her garrison numbering nearly half a million, she has yielded only to the inevitable pressure of a foe more potent than shot or shell; and her enemies have gained a triumph marred by the thought that another month of the same patience which they had shown till the new year opened would have given them uninjured the prize they sought. The very works surrendered into their hands to save the lives of the starving multitude within must seem to reproach dumbly the hasty counsels of those who led the EMPEROR-KING from his original plan to adopt sharper measures, which proved abortive and fruitless. The conquest so won is stained by what is now plainly seen to have been a superfluous use of the means of war, and the forbearance and generosity which we were once tempted to look for in the councils of Versailles prove to have been as delusive as the notion that the war itself could be carried to its present stage without ministering to the demands of personal ambition or national vanity.

We are aware that a theory has been started by certain writers that the heavy siege works which burnt the barracks in Issy and Montrouge, and cast terror into the south side of the city, were necessary for defensive purposes—that they were in fact part of a well-laid scheme of strategy by which VON MOLTKE was enabled to diminish his force before the place, using guns instead of men to fill up his lines. To state this fully is almost to disprove it; for certainly, after the hill of Avron fell, there was no purpose of counter-defence which could have been in any way favourably affected by the firing against the place. To bring up heavy guns with short-range missiles for the purpose of repelling sorties was an obvious way of strengthening the investment. To fire from these heavy guns shells at long ranges into the forts and city was to use them for a completely different object, unconnected with the supposed want of men. If any one desires clearly to understand the difference, let him read the account, admirably given in the *Daily News*, of the batteries thrown up in the last days of the attack before St. Denis, and observe how completely their erection was contrived for the offensive, and how little it had to do with any resistance of supposed sorties from the well-known neighbouring points of Drancy and Le Bourget. Then let him compare with this the failure of TROCHU's final effort against the real lines, where the German guns were placed, not to batter Mont Valérien, but to restrain the garrison from advancing far beyond its shelter; and he will discover for himself how essentially different, and in many senses how opposed to each other, were the two separate objects which some have sought to confound. Or let him notice how completely separate were the means employed to reduce Mont Avron, and to repulse the sorties of December made beyond Mont Avron; and the distinction we are seeking to impress will come naturally into view. But the subject is hardly worth a serious argument. The facts remain simply that for three months the German Staff held to the resolve to reduce Paris by starvation; that there is no present reason to doubt that they could have maintained their lines throughout intact for that purpose; and that, after changing their minds suddenly and beginning a direct double attack by bombardment and approach, the capital has fallen before either of these means had in any way affected its powers of resistance, under the inevitable pressure of coming famine. In using the other modes the Germans were of course fully within their rights. A capital which, for strategic ends, has been deliberately turned into a fortress, is

beyond any dispute liable to be treated as the fortress which it has been made. But the truth remains not the less distinct that in availing themselves of the ordinary rules of war, the German Staff showed a want of calculation and of judgment which accords little with the popular notions of their military infallibility.

Success brilliant as theirs is may well blind onlookers to their errors; but it has not blinded critics in other countries to the merciless character introduced into warfare, by their deliberate sanction, in all the later portions of this fearful contest. Colonel HAMLEY has drawn attention to the general question of their severity in criticism which will be felt wherever the English language is spoken, and which is little weakened, in our view, by the replies of Mr. GLEIG and "A Civilian." But there is a special question connected with the conduct of the war which seems to us by no means to have received the full attention which it deserves, and which has been almost overlooked by these writers. For requisitions in money and kind, prescription may be well pleaded by the Germans, who have suffered so heavily from them. Their conduct has certainly in this respect not outdone that of General SHERMAN, who deliberately, in the latest stages of the Civil War, plundered and harried wide belts of the Southern States on his marches through them, on the simple ground that it was for their own benefit to force them by suffering and losses into peace. But SHERMAN's famous marauders, much less his regular troops, were not allowed the privilege of becoming executioners of casually chosen peasants who might be personally guiltless of all resistance. In the destruction by fire and sword of whole villages in which Franks-tireurs had taken shelter, very possibly in spite of the urgent entreaties of the inhabitants; in the indiscriminate slaughter of villagers wherever posts among them have been surprised without their connivance being more than suspected; in such punishments as those of the townsfolk of Châtillon because RICCIOTTI GARIBALDI, after a long night's march, fell dexterously on and beat its careless Landwehr garrison; in the recent burning of the village of Fontenoy through which the Free Corps chanced to steal to surprise the bridge guard near Toul, and the instant imposition on the province of Lorraine of heavy penalties in money and labour to make good damage done by an expedition that came from an unsubdued district—in these, and in all such cases, a new principle altogether has been introduced into war. It is not that the innocent may be sometimes punished with the guilty, but that the peaceful part of the population may be punished for the opposition made by armed men over whom they can exercise no control. The object is a manifest one. It is so to strike terror through the whole population that every person not in arms shall become a spy against those that are, in order to fend off from himself any possible danger of suffering for their success. Yet if the history of all conquered countries be not one standing lie, then we know beforehand that such extraordinary severity of treatment can only be successful on one condition—depopulation, partial, if not complete. It must make a solitude before pronouncing peace. NAPOLEON's history, so often referred to of late, is full indeed of deeds of rapine and violence done by order. The private memoirs of his time show that his captains abundantly improved in their personal practice on the principles laid down by their master. But this new form of military terrorism, which is to make of every French adult in the country occupied a sort of non-combatant slave, responsible that the fortunes of his invaders are not marred by the daring of his countrymen still in arms, is so strange and terrible an addition to the recognised laws of war that we will fain hope it is an evil legacy to the Germans from the dreadful religious contests that once made their Fatherland a desert, rather than a rule which they would deliberately propose for the imitation of the world.

The armistice suddenly concluded at Versailles on Saturday having once been accepted at Bordeaux, there has been little difficulty in applying it to the East and North of France, where CHANZY's and FAIDHERBE's armies were in no condition to do much in the field for the present, had the struggle lasted. An able movement by Prince FREDERIC CHARLES, made just before the truce was arranged, detached the Mecklenburg Corps to his right to connect his operations with those of General GOEBEN's extreme left at Rouen, and so completed the vast circuit of country held by the Germans in every direction round Paris. Within this of course operations have ceased, and the peaceful work of attempting to supply the pressing needs of the capital is being vigorously taken up. The forts which had so well defended Paris passed into the enemy's hands on Sunday, and the siege, if not the war, came practically to an end. It would

be premature to discuss here the vast demands said to be made by Count BISMARCK, or the probabilities of their being yielded to. Circumstances have already added to the force with which he was already armed to drive them home.

For in the East the armistice was reserved. We spoke last week of the critical situation in which BOURBAKI's lagging army was placed on its retreat; and at Versailles, where this must have been fully known, it was determined to press the advantage to the full. MANTEUFFEL certainly deserves credit for the promptitude with which he mastered the situation, and for the rapidity with which he availed himself of the superior marching powers of his well-supplied war-hardened troops over the half-starved, ill-disciplined, and disheartened mass which BOURBAKI was dragging back discomfited from Belfort. Purposely neglecting Langres, and even Dijon, where the opportunity of surrounding and cutting off the Garibaldian corps stood temptingly in his way, the German commander turned those places by a march eastward, leaving mere detachments to amuse the garrisons, and then descended rapidly southward along the west side of the Vosges, by the road leading through Gray, towards the valley of the Doubs at Dôle. By the 28th his advanced guard had cut BOURBAKI's direct line of retreat through Besançon and Châlons-sur-Saône, forcing the bulk of the French army to turn aside and to attempt escape down the narrow strip of country about Pontarlier, along the Neufchâtel frontier. Through this a single highway leads south-west, which road BOURBAKI's left column, the Twenty-fourth Corps, is reported to have gained by a march up the Doubs, and got clear off. Be this as it may, on the 30th the Second and Seventh Prussian Corps, pushing still on from Dôle to the south-east, broke in on the flank of BOURBAKI's main army near Pontarlier, and a series of skirmishes followed, ending in the French losing their one remaining line of retreat, and being driven fairly over the Swiss frontier, where they surrendered to a large force under General HERZOG, which had been guarding the neutral line. Rumour states that BOURBAKI, overcome by the effects of his own too long delay before Belfort, and of the poor conduct of his army in the battle and on the march, has attempted to lay hands upon himself; but this story as yet wants confirmation.

Yesterday brought details of GARIBALDI's actions with the Prussians detached on Dijon, and with them came the news that he had abandoned his isolated position, and withdrawn southward on Dôle, as though to create a diversion in BOURBAKI's favour. But he was too late to affect the fate of the French army, which had been sent into his vicinity for so little purpose, and sacrificed apparently to strategy as blind in its conception as feeble in its execution.

WINTER FLITTINGS.

A WINTER flitting makes us realize the power of the British doctor. It is he who has reared pleasure towns at the foot of the Pyrenees, and lined the sunny coast of the Riviera with villas that gleam white among the olive groves. It is his finger that stirs the camels of Algeria, the donkeys of Palestine, the mules of Malaga, the Nile-boats of Egypt. At the first frosts of November the doctor marshals his wild geese for their winter flitting as calmly as if it were a part of the order of nature. It is in vain that the meekest of patients revolts at a sentence of exile which drives him to Cairo or Nice at the moment when luckier folk come back from their autumn holiday. Never does an English winter afford so charming a prospect as when we issue from the consulting-room. We revel in the thought of its bracing frosts; we sympathize with Mr. Kingsley in his adoration of east winds; we tolerate its fogs. Even the anticipation of frozen cisterns and bursting water-pipes fails to shake us in our loyalty to English comforts. The bachelor suddenly finds a home in his lodgings, and a friend in the landlady, whom he had till now denounced as a harpy. We cease to grumble at the Club committee; we even forget our feud with the cook. We craftily gain a little time by a running fight over the question of "where to go." The Pyramids have fallen under the dominion of Mr. Cook. Sicily, thanks to its brigands, has become inconvenient for people of moderate fortunes. Spain is in the throes of revolution. A rising is expected in Algeria. Uhlans block the way to Paris. Nizza is talking of secession and barricades. We pique ourselves on the ingenious logic which proves the whole world impossible; but when our budget of objections is exhausted, we succumb quietly to our fate. The doctor smiles, and furnishes us with a chart of terror which suggests every possible accident that flesh is heir to in suggesting impossible precautions against each. With a silent contempt for the fashions of Continental railways, we are warned to avoid cold waiting-rooms and draughty platforms. If our lung bothers us, we are at once to call on the conductor to supply us with ice. It is especially necessary to escape sea-sickness in crossing the Channel, and indigestion at hotel *tables d'hôte*. The small amount of courage that the doctor has left us ebb at the view of the head-

waiter at the "Lord Warden." There is something beyond measure depressing in the sight of that sad and solitary being as he muses, like Marius, among the wreck of things. Ruin and empty packets are written on his brow. For a moment he brightens at the rush from the Calais packet; a mob of Frenchmen, wet and weary, but gay with the gaiety of runaways, and flaunting a distant acquaintance with the English tongue. But it is a passing brightness that wanes into gloom before the vacant *table d'hôte*. Fancy alone consoles that worn and suffering spirit as he subsides into his corner, and gloomily busies himself in making imaginary entries of imaginary visitors. Happily the bump against a foreign jetty charms away half our terrors. England is fairly left behind, and a new world of interest and amusement opens with the first sight of a gendarme.

No doubt the war has given a new zest this year to its winter flittings. The route through Paris to Marseilles has become so inevitable a prelude to either Italy or the East that the mere effort to avoid it brings home to us the reality of the great struggle. The war is no longer a mere item in the *Times* when we disen-tomb our forgotten passports and find ourselves lords of the empty saloon. The little run across French territory from Calais to Brussels or Geneva to Lyons assumes the charm of an adventure. The very look of Calais, the desolate hotels, the silent streets, the lonely quay, where the very fishwomen have to curse themselves into liveliness, brings home the great battle of the nations to us as no Correspondent's letter can do. It is odd to remember how in earlier days we envied our fathers, stirred, as we fancied, to higher energy than we by the greatness of the Napoleonic struggle in which they moved. But in the very presence of events before which Austerlitz and Borodino shrivel into insignificance, it is difficult to detect any moral elevation among the victims of our winter flitting. The railway director who shares our *coupé* shakes his head over the terrible interruption to business. A young exquisite deplores the bother of passports, and hints that a war is "no end of a good thing for the newspapers." Our own thoughts dwell with a fatal persistence on the weary *détour* along the Rhine which it has substituted for the easy run through Marseilles. The train rolls on with such a belligerent independence of time-tables that even the Continental Bradshaw turns out to be occasionally right. Still, tedious as war makes the winter flitting, it brings picturesque compensation along with it. It is not easy to forget the sight of such a place as Lille—the lines of felled poplars along every road, the mud forts rising on the heights, the rows of empty houses doomed at the approach of a besieger, the groups of Moblots in its streets, weak sappy boys for the most part, gazing through shop-windows at encouraging pictures of the "Massacre of Sedan." Brussels is crammed with refugees, as listless and aimless as those we left behind in Regent Street. Torches are flaring at each station along the Rhine over groups of soldiers packing munitions in the night; troop trains roll by full of spectacled Landwehr; inundations of officers flood the hotels of Cologne and condemn luckless voyagers to a night's rest on the boards. Behind, too, lies the terrible background of war. Hospital trains, waiting at sidings, give one glimpses of pale faces and bandaged heads and arms in white slings. Waiters in the refreshment-room hover in kindly German fashion round a boy-volunteer brought back wounded from the front, and women bend as they pass with words of comfort over the worn young face. Prisoners, too, pass us, ragged, dogged, unshorn. "What barbarians," we exclaimed, as we saw the photograph of the Turco prisoners in their camp at Mainz. "The Bavarians are worse barbarians than the Turcos," replied the Rhinelander to whom we spoke. It may be that the war has only hushed for a time the jealousies that sever German from German; but it has called out in all a spirit of resolute endurance of which one catches glimpses in the quiet orderly civilian-looking soldiers that throng every platform. There was a certain stolid grandeur of soul in the shopkeeper whom we asked "Why is there no illumination for the surrender of Metz?" "We are waiting," was the quiet reply, "for the surrender of Paris."

But perhaps, after all, the pleasantest form of winter flitting is that of flitting by sea, and getting rid of war and rumours of war altogether. Justice has hardly yet been done to life on board a packet. Nothing is so hostile to social existence as a railway compartment; nothing so favourable to it as the deck of a steamship. Everybody is wholly dependent on everybody else. There is no library to shelter one from boredom; no change in the day's walk save from poop to bow and from bow back again to poop; no refuge in letters, or chance of getting a table to stand still for a moment while one writes; no dinner save in common. There is community even in sea-sickness. Under such a discipline as this bears are tamed, and the shiest fellows "brought out" very rapidly indeed. Everybody knows everybody else in forty-eight hours; at a week's end enmities are declared, eternal friendships vowed, flirtations fairly under way, and life thoroughly developed around one. There is all the variety of a club without its stiff isolation; there are buttercups to whom everything is "fun," who take you into their confidence in five minutes, and leave you in five minutes more with the discovery that they have nothing to confide; Calvinistic Scotch couples, who ponder over their ailments, and "prefer to make no acquaintances"; parsons very much on the loose; prim English matrons; and Yankee girls of a very unprim type indeed. The Yankee girl was born to live in packets. She gives one the notion of a being created to rush through space. She is always on the move; last year in Paris, the year before in San Francisco; she has taken a run back to

New York on her way to Cairo; you meet her on the Pyramid, your flirt with her in the Sierra Morena, you jostle her in the studios of Rome, and you cut her in the Tuileries Gardens. She is equally fond of supper and sentiment; and breaks into one's morning rhapsody over the sunrise to spout out an order for a hard-boiled egg, and two slices of ham "cut lean." She is silent when her mouth is full, and that is fortunately pretty often. But a great deal of her conversation when it is empty refers to the pleasantest modes of filling it. She is great on *tables d'hôte* and critical on hotels. Her pocket-book is full of charming recipes for dishes she has met with, mixed up oddly with descriptions of Rome and the names of her dancing partners. She delights in telling you how rich "pa" is and how vulgar "ma" is. "I'm a Yankee gal, I guess, and ma keeps pretty slick out of my way." Life takes a free and easy turn in this absence of maternal supervision. For a certain noisy kind of flirting nobody is the Yankee girl's equal. To do her justice she does not mix with it the slightest tinge of romance or poetry. She has, in fact, a great horror and contempt for all the higher and more poetic sides of human sentiment. She likes to amuse and to be amused, but she hates "nonsense." She never saw you before, and she never cares to see you again, but while you are there she will laugh with you, chat with you, tell you her secrets, swear a constant fidelity, and give you a lock of her hair. It is difficult to say whether she is married or not; if she is, it does not matter much, for her husband is as often without her as with her. "I love my husband," she tells you plumply; "oh yes; I love my husband, and a good many other people besides!" And then she goes down to supper again, and sentiment is forgotten in sherry-cobbler. Altogether, if one is an Englishman, an infusion of Americans makes packet-life agreeable enough. Yankees have a perfect mania for "knowing" English people, and the stiffness with which their advances are usually received lies at the root of many a stump-orator's declamation on Independence Day. But there is no reason—should one travel alone—for giving occasion in this way to international resentments. An American girl ranks among the number of those agreeable acquaintances without whom life would be grey and colourless, and whom there is no need to introduce to one's wife. But she certainly gives immense fun and vivacity to a flitting by sea.

It is odd, when one is safely anchored in a winter retreat, to look back at the terrors and reluctance with which one faced the sentence of exile. Even if sunshine were the only gain of a winter flitting, it would still be hard to estimate the gain. The cold winds of Rome, the icy showers of the Bavarian plain, the fogs of Innsprück, give perhaps a zest not wholly its own to Italian sunshine. But the abrupt plunge down the Brenner into a land of warmth and colour sends a strange shock of pleasure through every nerve. The flinging off of wraps and furs, the discarding of greatcoats, is like the beginning of a new life. It is not till we pass in this sharp, abrupt fashion from the November of one side the Alps to the November of the other that we get some notion of the way in which the actual range and freedom of life is cramped by the "chill north-easters" in which Mr. Kingsley revels. The unchanged vegetation, the background of dark olive woods, the masses of ilex, the golden globes of the orange hanging over the garden-wall, are all so many distinct gains to the eye which has associated winter with leafless boughs and a bare landscape. One has almost a boyish delight in plucking roses at Christmas or hunting for violets along the hedges on New Year's Day. There are chill days of course, and chiller nights, but cold is a relative term and loses its English meaning in spots where snow falls once in a year and vanishes before midday. The mere break of habit is delightful; it is like a laughing defiance of established facts to lounge by the seashore in the hot sun-glare of a January morning. And with this new sense of liberty comes also a freedom from the overpowering dread of chills and colds and coughs which only invalids can appreciate. It is an indescribable relief not to look for a cold round every corner. The "lounging" which becomes one's life along the Riviera or the bay of Sorrento is only another name for the ease and absence of anxiety which the mere presence of constant sunshine gives to life. Few people really "lounge" less than the English exiles who bask in the sun of Italy. Their real danger lies in the perpetual temptation to over-exertion which arises from the sense of renewed health. Every village on its hill-top, every white shrine glistening high up among the olives, seems to woo one up the stony paths and the long hot climb to the summit. The relief from home itself, the break away from all the routine of one's life, is hardly less than the relief from greatcoats. It is not till our life is thoroughly disorganized, till the grave father of a family finds himself perched on a donkey, or the *habitué* of Pall Mall sees himself sauntering alone through the olive groves, that one realizes the iron bounds within which our English existence moves. Every holiday, of course, brings this home to one more or less, but the long holiday of a whole winter brings it home most of all. England and English ways recede and become unreal. Old prepossessions and prejudices lose half their force when sea and mountains part us from their native soil. It is impossible to keep up our vivid interest in the politics of Little Pedlington, or to maintain our old excitement over the matrimonial fortunes of Miss Garrett. The spasmodic arrival of the diligence, the utter uncertainty as to the delivery of papers, weans one at last from one's dependence on the *Times*. It becomes possible to breakfast without the last telegram, and to go to bed without the news of a fresh butchery. One's real interest lies in the sunshine; in the pleasure of having sunshine to-

day, in the hope of having sunshine to-morrow. It is not that one is free from England, for England is round one wherever one goes; but it is a roving, idle England, a great gipsy world of Englishmen and Englishwomen with colonies in every nook where sunshine lingers. Though a little ridiculous, and not a little frivolous, this England is at any rate less "British" than the England at home. It has learnt to believe that virtue and intelligence and industry can be found on both sides the Channel. It has learnt to disbelieve in the formulæ in which Englishmen sum up their convictions about the Continental world, and, in disbelieving formulæ which it knows to be false, to question other formulæ too. Weather talk may not rank very high in the way of conversation, but it is better than the political drivel of the Carlton and the Reform, or the cant of Exeter Hall. Then, too, there is the pleasure of correspondence. Letters went out in England with the penny post, but one still makes a push to write something worthy of one's sixty centimes. The details of home life take a certain interest when life is so different around one. The old friends whom one has forgotten in the whirl of English life are suddenly brought back to recollection by a note from Palermo or Algiers. The new scenes give one something to write about, and the holiday gives one time to write it in. It is amusing to fall back a hundred years, and to realize again the delight with which our grandfathers opened the letter "with a shilling to pay." The one thing that seems impossible in the sunshine is ever to face an English winter again. We willingly abandon to a people that likes it the amusement of roasting sheep on the ice. We are quite content that the British vestryman should revel in the snow which he declines to clear away from his pavement. But with a thousand pleasant places in the world where ice and snow are rare visitors, if visitors at all, we find it hard to see why we should voluntarily stay at home to encounter them. In a word, the doctor has won. Next year we shall fall meekly into file, and receive our sentence of exile with equanimity. Whatever difficulties we may find in his other prescriptions, there can be none in that of a winter flitting.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON FRANCE AND DEMOCRACY.

WE sometimes meet, both in the flesh and on paper, a class of people who seem to dwell in what we may call the marches of the kingdom of knowledge. They know a good many facts, and they have mastered a certain art of putting them in a shape which may at the first sight be mistaken for philosophical arrangement. They are of course oracular, and in spoken discourse they commonly carry everything before them. Those who know less than themselves are imposed on by the important manner which implies that the speaker knows even more than he says. Those who know more seldom care to contradict, because it is quite certain that the oracle himself will not be convinced, and the chances are that his hearers will assume that he must be right, and that the man who can really set him right is the impostor. It might not be hard to show that, though he knows a good many facts, there are many counter facts which he does not know, and that such facts as he does know he commonly misapplies. But it is not worth while to try to confute him, because in truth he could not be confuted except by a sort of prearranged confederacy. A man of this sort makes people believe—very likely he makes himself believe also—that he is master of every subject, and can lay down the law on all branches of human knowledge. He very likely really knows some stray facts about a great many of them, enough to impose upon those who know still less. But the man who really knows that he is master of one or two subjects knows also no less keenly that there are a vast number of subjects of which he is not master, and about which his best wisdom is to hold his peace. On his own ground he could rout the pretender in a moment, but the pretender would most likely have cunning enough to shift his ground to some other quarter, where he possibly might really have the advantage, and where at any rate his adversary will do wisely not to follow. Unless, then, masters of all subjects are planted in readiness to cut off the pretender's retreat in every possible direction, the pretender who can talk about everything, but who knows nothing thoroughly, may really win a seeming victory over the man who knows some things thoroughly and holds his tongue about those which he does not know.

When this kind of person gets into print, it is easier to deal with him. What he has written he has written, and he cannot, as he can in discourse, escape from it by big talk about something else. We have a specimen of the class in the first article of the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*. Let us do justice to what is really good in the article. The writer evidently knows a good deal of the external facts both of modern politics in general and of his immediate subject, the present condition of France. We feel sure that, as far as mere facts go, men who are greatly his intellectual superiors might learn much from him. We feel sure that he could tell offhand all the Governments of England and France, and the chief measures of each for a long time past. Of all these things he has a correct clerk-like or antechamber kind of knowledge, and we should expect to find that he had the same kind of antechamber knowledge of many other subjects besides current politics. It is when he gets beyond his present facts, when he gets to the use of his facts, to inferences, to analogies, to the facts of remote times, that we find that the man of so much really useful information is, after all, only a pretender. He might very likely

write a useful statistical paper; he breaks down when he attempts something which tries to be political philosophy.

There is something very provoking in the "exemplar vitæ imitabile," to see a good writer mauled and pulled about by a bad copyist. The *Edinburgh* writer has, to his own ill-luck, got hold of the writings of De Tocqueville, in which he soon finds matter to lead him astray. There is something grotesquely amusing in the half-patronizing way in which the pupil introduces his master. "We had already written these remarks, when it occurred to us to turn to a half-forgotten [by whom?] passage in which M. de Tocqueville has described with his wonted sagacity the same distinction, and traced its consequences. The page [passage?] is so remarkable, and so apposite to the present state of things in France, that at the risk of forfeiting our own credit for originality we transcribe it." The grand way of doing things can hardly go further than this, but the *Edinburgh* Reviewer must have reckoned on a very easily satisfied class of readers, if he fancied that any one was likely to give him credit for originality. The fact is that M. de Tocqueville, unluckily we think, thought proper to transfer the words "democracy" and "democratic" from their proper use to express a particular form of political government to a new use in which they express a certain social state of things, irrespective of forms of government. It is easy to trace the working of the analogy in De Tocqueville's own mind, and in his hands the new form of speech might be safely used, but it was a form which was sure to lead imitators like the *Edinburgh* writer into all kinds of confusions. He throughout confounds "democracy" as a form of government with that "democratic" social state of which M. de Tocqueville spoke. He talks throughout as if the partitioning out of so large a portion of the soil of France among small proprietors made France a "democracy." He even sinks so low as to write such a sentence as this:—"The democracy of the provinces is conservative. The democracy of the towns is destructive." The word "provinces" has here got yet another meaning. In cockney talk the word means the whole of England or France outside London or Paris. In *Edinburgh* talk it seems to mean the rural districts as opposed to the towns in general. This is bad enough; but it is worse still to talk of the "democracy" of the towns and the "provinces"—meaning thereby, it would seem, simply the lower orders in each, the peasantry in the "provinces" and the working-men in the towns. This vulgarism would seem to be a copy of the kindred vulgarism which speaks of certain other classes as "the aristocracy." But for this last abuse there is some slight excuse. A word is sometimes wanted to express certain classes of people somewhat more extensive than those to whom the word "nobility" could, by any stretch of language, be applied. "Aristocracy" is not the right word to use for the purpose; but some word is wanted. But to use "democracy" to mean, not a certain form of government, not even a certain social state, but simply the lower classes in a particular country, is an abuse of language without any excuse at all.

Let us, then, for the benefit of the *Edinburgh* Reviewer and of other people in the same state of mind, explain what the misused word "democracy" really means. It is to be noticed that there is a difference in the way of using it among Greek writers. As Pericles defines democracy, it is the government of the whole, as opposed to oligarchy, the government of a part. It is a form of government in which the supreme power is vested in the collective body of the citizens, and in which birth and rank give no legal advantage among citizens. In this sense Athens was a democracy; in this sense certain Swiss Cantons are democracies still. And this sense of the word would also fairly take in any State in which, according to the modern system of representation, the supreme power is placed, not in a general Assembly of the citizens, but in a representative Assembly, in choosing which each citizen has an equal vote. All the Swiss Cantons are, in this sense, democracies; France, when republican, was a democracy; the United States and their several States are democracies very slightly modified. In this sense democracy simply implies a certain form of government, without any reference to the social state of the country, without any reference to the spirit in which the government is carried on. All legal privilege is denied to birth and wealth, but it is not implied that birth and wealth are subject to any disadvantages. Athens, the purest of democracies in the political sense, was anything but democratic in De Tocqueville's sense. Property was very unequally divided; broad social distinctions were recognised; the great offices of State, which were conferred by the votes of the whole people, were commonly conferred on men of birth and wealth. So, as we have often pointed out in speaking of Swiss matters, men of particular families were chosen year by year, as if by hereditary right, to the highest offices in the Swiss democracies. A State which should put any class of citizens under special disabilities—one, for instance, which, like that of Florence, should shut out men of particular families from high offices—would, according to the definition of Pericles, not be a democracy but an oligarchy. And this original and honourable sense of the word democracy is that in which it is used by the Greek historians and orators from Thucydides to Polybius. Aristotle undoubtedly uses the word in another sense. He, as all political students know, recognises three lawful forms of government—Monarchy, Aristocracy, and *πολιτεία*. Each of these has its corruption—Tyranny, Oligarchy, and *δημοκρατία*. That is to say, he uses the word *πολιτεία* to express what Pericles called *δημοκρατία*, while he uses *δημοκρατία* to express something for which Pericles had not a name, but which Polybius called *ὀλιγοκρατία*. This would be where the supreme power, instead of

being in the whole people, was usurped by one class—namely, the lowest class of the people—a state of things which, as being a government of the part and not of the whole, would, according to Pericles' definition, not be democracy but oligarchy. This change of language in Aristotle may have arisen merely from a philosophical contempt for all popular government; it may have arisen from real faults in some of the less cultivated and well-ordered Greek democracies; what is certain is that both consolidated Athens and federal Achaia remained democracies in the better sense to the end. Still, whatever meanings were at different times attached to the word democracy, they were always strictly political meanings; they had nothing whatever to do with social conditions; no Greek thinker would have applied the word democracy to a state of things where there might be equality of social condition, but where the form of government was other than democratic. This last is De Tocqueville's sense; his democratic society may be politically a monarchy, or even a tyranny; it is even theoretically possible, though not at all likely, that it may be politically an oligarchy. How dangerous this use of the word is, is shown by the confusion which it has wrought in the mind of the *Edinburgh Reviewer*. The following extract is not easy to understand at all; it is not easy to see in what sense the word democracy is used; but, so far as it has any meaning, it seems to describe a state of things utterly unlike anything either in Athens or in Uri:—

To all institutions of this permanent nature, the spirit of democracy is opposed. It views with a jealous and hostile eye everything that it cannot control. It resists permanent and collective obligations as an encroachment on the unlimited personal freedom of the individual. It therefore weakens the traditional elements of society and readily sacrifices the past and the future to what is supposed to be the interest of the present. By one system men are raised to the power and duration of institutions; by the other institutions are reduced and contracted to the individual weakness of man. Democratic power is an essential and useful check to the abuses of authority; but it is a feeble or violent instrument of government, and the collective strength of a nation may be sensibly diminished by it.

Now it will of course be said that references to Athens or to Uri are irrelevant and unpractical, that Englishmen are far too busy and far too sensible to trouble their heads about petty commonwealths, one of which has not been in being for the conventional period of two thousand years. All that we can say is, that the *Edinburgh Reviewer* forces the analogy upon us. He talks in a way which to some people no doubt may seem learned, about Athens, Sparta, and Macedonia, but his ideas of all three States are somewhat funny. A man who is allowed to write in the *Edinburgh Review*, if he cannot read Thucydides, should at least have read Grote, but if the present writer has read Grote he must have read to wonderfully little profit. He draws a parallel between Athens and Sparta, and France and Prussia, and of course points can be found in which such an analogy will hold. But it is unlucky indeed when we read, "There is something of a Spartan character in the institutions of Prussia—the authority of the kings, who are also the commanders of the people." Now of all the many forms which kingship has taken, we should have thought that its Spartan and its Prussian varieties were about as unlike one another as any two that could be hit upon. Where, we humbly ask, are the Prussian Ephors before whom the King must appear at the third summons, who can order him about and, if need be, put him into prison? Then directly afterwards we are told that Sparta possessed "a stronger sense of duty, of moral obligation, and of religion, than could be found amongst the wits and philosophers of volatile Athens." We know not what ideas the *Edinburgh Reviewer* may have of duty, moral obligation, and religion; in our moral code the people who decreed and kept to the great Amnesty rank higher than the oligarchy which murdered the enfranchised Helots and handed over Asiatic Greece to the barbarian.

Lastly—for we cannot pick out all the plums—we have the following astounding passage about France:—

When we remember what her literature has done for the world in the last three centuries; with what depth of insight and keen edge of discernment she has sounded and dispelled a host of errors; with what sagacity she has pursued every path of scientific research; with what lively skill she has popularized the arts; with what energy she has advocated the liberties of mankind, her conquerors of the hour are no more worthy to be named beside her than the Macedonians were to rival the glory of Athenians. She may, indeed, have been over-eager to assert a political influence in Europe; but the influence of her language, of her tastes, of her genius, of her sympathies, and even of her manners, reached, and will reach, from the Tagus to the Volga.

As the *Edinburgh* writer is, like the traditional German, "in Greek sadly to seek," he seems to be no less "sadly to seek" in German also. When we look in every library, except, we suppose his own, at the monuments of German genius and German research, when we remember that he is speaking of the tongue of Goethe and the tongue of Niebuhr, we ask whether such things can be. The judgment of charity would be that he has somewhere lighted on the hidden stores of Macedonian literature and Macedonian philosophy, and has selfishly kept them to himself.

Then comes a page or more of conventional antechamber talk about the French and English alliance, and the whole winds up with a passage which has been gibbeted by a well-known hand in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "If ought of her ancient spirit remains, France will not treat as long as a stranger treads her soil." The unlucky imitator of De Tocqueville would have done well to follow the discretion of his English translator, who confined himself, under circumstances, nearly the same, to the safe prophecy

that "the destinies of the American people will be fulfilled." How far the Reviewer is right we shall know in three weeks; but had he only said that "the destinies of the French people will be fulfilled," he could not have been wrong in any case.

FASHION AND HOSPITALITY.

WE had intended to draw a picture of quiet English life, but as no opportunity has been given of observing it during the last month, we are obliged to revert to the phase which we considered in a former article upon this subject. Ball-going and ball-giving have absorbed the energies of the upper classes up to the present moment. Half the houses in any given district have been crammed with parties for the purpose of filling their neighbour's rooms. Flies have been at a premium. Horses are in a state of collapse from repeated journeys to the county town. Torn placards may be seen on every wall, with mutilated lists of the patronesses of the charity ball. Innumerable sisters have occupied the same bedroom; more men with a woman on each arm have appeared in public, and more people have been "deposited by Providence in a dry ditch" on their return home, than could ever have been thought possible. Some deep end has doubtless been obtained by this state of things, to be revealed perhaps in the future; in the meantime we can only call attention to its principal features, and formulate the knowledge acquired from the study of them.

It seems a cruel mockery to say that some of the guests at a country house should be over the age of twenty-one, and that the party would not suffer if a few of their number had even attained the age of thirty. The disappearance of adults from known places of amusement in London has long been a matter of notoriety, but we trusted that two or three years would elapse before this evil communicated itself to the country. The truth, however, can be concealed no longer; the contagion has spread. Infants appeared in flocks throughout the provinces during the late scrambles. A boy, who had been re-vaccinated was a phenomenon. Beards of more than a fortnight's growth were rarely to be met with. Hostesses explained, and apologies were offered for the presence of the infants. Should, indeed, this condition of things continue, the Legislature may be expected to interfere. If it is injurious to the health of a boy to send him up a chimney, it is obviously equally so to expose him to the consequences of late hours and hot rooms. The constitutions of the next generation will suffer, and our memories will be justly execrated. Meanwhile some step ought to be taken. A new office should be created, and a nurse of the chambers be considered a necessary part of a well-appointed house. She would be invaluable in depriving the infants of any dangerous weapons on their arrival which they might have brought with them; she would put out their candles at midnight, prevent them from going into the smoking-room, and provide an adequate supply of hoops and wooden spades for their entertainment. We feel convinced that this suggestion will meet with the encouragement it deserves. A special room would be devoted to their use, and much embarrassment avoided. At present an elderly gentleman in the midst of them has the appearance of an owl pursued by a flight of starlings. He migrates uneasily from one room to another, and at last entertains a by no means unfavourable opinion of Herod. The infants have nothing to do, not even a holiday task, and spend their existence in growing. It is possible that they have been decoyed into the country in order that they may expiate the sins of which they have been guilty in town. An intrepid hostess, starting with the wild fiction that "men don't mind," may do much to induce a belief in this view. Remembering her past wrongs, she overcrowds her house, and consequently her dining-room, and sends an assortment of infants to dine at the inn.

Every improvement that has taken place has added to the trouble of hosts and hostesses, while it may well be doubted whether any progress has taken place in the mental or social qualifications of their guests. There is as much luxury in a country house as in a model lunatic asylum. A bedroom of this century differs as much from one of the last as that did from its predecessor of the Edwardian era. Arm-chairs, sofas, and writing-tables are now as necessary articles of furniture as a bed; and competition will necessitate the introduction of fresh refinements. It is to be hoped that country houses will not lose their old prestige, and that whatever effect the follies of the age may have, they may be powerless in this direction. The extravagant dimensions to which modern shooting has attained (a subject to which we shall presently advert) have much to answer for. If existence indoors is a negative evil merely suffered with a view to stimulate the body for exertion out of doors, a different conception of society must be formed, and the nearest approach to the animal creation be considered the highest ideal. To be "given over to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air" was a reproach at the beginning of the last century, but it was a reproach which was directed against men who had not the same facilities that exist nowadays for engaging in other pursuits. In fact the classes that Fielding and Steele attacked have probably reached a much higher stage of civilization, all things considered, than could have been expected. The peerage has gained but little; on the other hand, the country squire has done wonders for himself and his family; he comes to town for six weeks during

the season, goes to the Academy and the Opera, and thinks well of everybody. He no longer confounds "Socinians with poachers," and is as "tame and humane a brute as any in the county." He brings ten people with him to the neighbouring grandee's ball, which he regards as only next in importance to a meeting of justices at the Quarter Sessions. His house is generally not more than two storeys high, and the front hall not only contains, like Sir Roger's, a large otter-skin stuffed with hay, but also a considerable number of things in glass cases, which at some past period of history a lively imagination may suppose to have existed as birds. If half his income were not spent in paying the interest on an old mortgage, he would be a very enviable personage.

The greatest sufferers by any depreciation of country-house life would undoubtedly be women. To them it has been always full of attractions. The mother enjoys a repose there which she cannot find at home. She has no dinner to order, and no servants to scold. The bursting of the water-pipes does not affect her, and she can build at her ease countless castles in the air. She sees her husband obtain the Lord-Lieutenancy and a household appointment, and a succession of men with the best testimonials apply for the place of son-in-law. Her daughters are equally happy, conscious at the same time that they have numberless opportunities of appearing to the best advantage. An unaffected English girl, with good temper and good health, especially if she is the daughter of the house, has the power of showing as much capacity for administration as many Cabinet Ministers. In her hands is the comfort or discomfort of half the guests. She takes care that the infants of both sexes shall go in to dinner together, crumble their bread together, and exhaust their vocabulary of superlatives. Under her influence the dog and the dowager both talk at once to one another. She provides a small room for men with little ingenuities, where they can stand on their heads, "being now perfectly certain they have no brains," ask riddles and quote acrostics. In the future she will exercise a judicious control over the nurse of the chambers, should the latter be inclined to exceed her powers; in some cases she will strengthen her authority. Under this arrangement the infant will no longer endanger his own life or that of others. The distinguished foreigner and the infant are out of place wherever there is anything that will go off. They may often be seen looking confused, after the involuntary discharge of their weapons. They fire at birds three feet from the ground on undulating land, and make even the beaters nervous. They never remain where they have been placed, and are generally discovered half a mile in advance of the rest of the party, having started in pursuit of a rabbit, which, owing to some strange misconception on their part, they imagine to be wounded. They fire innocuously at intervals, eat a great deal of luncheon, and are always obliged to borrow their neighbour's cartridges. It is unnecessary to say that they are never invited to shoot at battues. It would be as advisable to send the kitchen-maid to kill the ox, instead of employing a butcher for that purpose. Killing is one of the fine arts. We wonder no proposition has been made to provide for the scores of human beings who fell out of work at the end of last month, and who must consequently remain unoccupied till the middle of August. Their claims to commiseration are not sufficiently recognised. The interval is a long one before the chronicle of slaughter is again recorded, and before we can read with renewed interest that at one place three thousand eight hundred and eighty-three head have been killed, and five thousand at another. A fortnight ago the *Times* informed the public that a select number of persons would be General's guests, and "would spend the next few days among the game." The *naïveté* and materialism of this announcement could not be surpassed. It marks a new epoch. Terse euphemisms will become the fashion, dissipate many delusions, and enrich the English language. They will give a death-blow to the vanity of those few ignorant people who imagine that they themselves, and not their game, constitute the inducements which attract guests to their houses. A hunting visit will be termed "going to Lord John's dogs." Some one else "will devote a week to the study of Sir Henry's decanters." It is very fortunate for these poor men who are out of work that the frankness of past critics is not imitated in the discussion of these questions. Sydney Smith went so far as to say, "This honourable company proceeds with fustian jackets, dog-whistles, and chemical inventions, to a solemn destruction—how is the country benefited by them?" This is very rude; no such questions are asked now. On the contrary, we acquiesce cheerfully, and are urged to believe that many evils are avoided by this "procession," such as wife-beating, for which much leisure might otherwise be found. Sydney Smith forgot also that rational conversation is promoted. It is wholly impossible for a man who has shot two hundred pheasants to give a detailed account of the death of each. There is sure to be a sufficient similarity in each individual case to make the operation a hazardous one. Thus the conversation has many lucid intervals, which cannot be predicated of the hunting party. The philanthropist who could devise a compulsory scheme by which fox and hounds always ran over the same ground, like the chase in "Theodore and Honoria," would deserve well of his fellow-creatures. The system as it exists at present unhappily affords fresh matter for discussion on each successive occasion; and egotism has established itself so firmly, that a hunting man would think it as reasonable that he should be expected to remember the information he heard at school as to abstain from comments on the run of the day. The hunting, however, of one generation is not unlike the hunting of another, while the character of shooting has been revolutionized

of late. Addison would hardly say now "that the sport is more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at." If La Bruyère were alive now he would devote pages to the delineation of the man who enjoys the reputation of being in the first rank of his profession. He is a social power, and though proficiency in shooting is very different from what it was twenty years ago, and the average standard far higher, yet the number of this particular class is very limited. When five or six thousand head are to be killed during the week he is in demand. He may be seen most frequently at some station where there are many cross-roads. At Crewe or Peterborough or York his habits may be observed. He travels about with wonderful cases containing thousands of cartridges, and would be a godsend in any beleaguered city. He has a somewhat serious expression, and is a little deaf of the right ear. Keepers become excited at the mention of his name. The number of partridges or grouse which he has killed in a single drive are handed down to posterity by enthusiastic admirers. In the Universal Republic, or even sooner, he will shoot with a mitrailleuse, and be deaf of both ears. On his death a grateful country, in this age of testimonials, will erect a stained window to his memory, portraying the exploits of St. Hubert. There is every reason to believe that a further advance in the science of slaughter will take place. The combats of terriers and rats may be successfully imitated. Emulous sportsmen will back themselves to shoot an incredible number of rabbits within the hour, amidst the plaudits of an admiring crowd, and a new phase in the history of the country will be reached, upon which foreign nations will turn an envious eye. International abattoirs will be established, and England will once more occupy her old position.

With such a prospect as this before them, it must be a matter of wonder that there should be men who cavil at the system. They go so far as to assert that if country houses are to remain what they were, or if the object of society is any longer to be mutual pleasure, no one amusement or occupation must be allowed to stand out in relief to the exclusion of all others; that the trade of a butcher ought not to be considered the chief aim of a large number of the leisured classes, and the preservation of game a nobler object than the improvement of agriculture. The votaries of field sports have a strong position, and the moderate enjoyment of them is allowed by a vast majority of people to be a useful indulgence and a rational relaxation; the discredit, however, which is attaching to their abuse may go far to endanger their very existence. The influence of the upper classes depends very much upon the life they lead in the country, and anything which brings their life into disrepute depreciates their position also. The reputation for sanity possessed by men who have more than 5,000*l.* a year to spend, though great, must not be diminished. Much is conceded to them by the Legislature—even sixty pairs of boot-trees, if we rightly remember the late Mr. Windham's tastes. Whatever tends to diminish the number of guests in any county is an evil. Hospitality constitutes the best check upon English eccentricity and selfishness, enables men to cultivate the habits of courtesy and self-denial, and sometimes to forget themselves for ten consecutive minutes. Without a periodical influx of guests, an Englishman's house would not only be his castle, but also his lunatic asylum. Such are some of the extreme views put forward by persons who ought to know better. The worshippers of "strenua inertia" may rejoice, however, that their application cannot be tested at present. Birds and beasts are enjoying tranquillity. The keeper is counting up his money. Cinderella is dreaming of her Prince, while her two sisters are considering how they can keep her upstairs during the ensuing season. The country house is given up as a prey to brown holland, rolled-up carpets and the housekeeper, while creeping things come out of the corners, defying the authority of a single housemaid, and look at what Horace Walpole called "bushels of deplorable earls and countesses." The county ball-room, lately so resplendent in pink calico, is again—saddest metamorphosis of all—the resort of scientific lecturers; the fly alone is unchanged; it was and remains a pumpkin.

VOLUNTEERS AND DEMONSTRATIONS.

JUST at the present moment we should be sorry to see any signs indicative of a relaxation of discipline amongst the military forces of the country. We have had a very forcible proof of the impotence of loose masses of hastily raised troops against thoroughly drilled and organized armies. We have probably been asking ourselves with some anxiety whether our Volunteers would do much better than Franks-tireurs in time of need. They have the advantage of having gone through a certain amount of training during the last ten or twelve years; and they would, therefore, not be extemporized to meet the occasion. What other advantages they may have need not be at present examined. But it is obvious that the weak point of the system is necessarily the difficulty of maintaining discipline. The men cannot have that confidence in their officers which is due to thorough professional training; and there is an occasional difficulty in persuading the true-born Englishman that the gentleman whom he has been in the habit of treating as an equal so long as he is dressed in a black coat becomes his rightful superior as soon as he puts on a uniform. As a general rule, however, the good sense and good feeling of the great body of Volunteers go a long way to obviate this difficulty. The more sensible members of the various

corps understand that they are not to be merely playing at soldiers, but that whilst they are on duty they are to endeavour to emulate the strict obedience of the regular forces. We are therefore sorry to see that a certain number of men in the metropolitan corps have been indulging in claims the admission of which would probably be as fatal to the efficiency of the system as any innovation that could possibly be devised. They ask for the right of taking part in political demonstrations. When the War Office very sensibly, or rather in obedience to the most obvious dictates of common sense, forbids any such performance, they attend public meetings, and propose motions to disobey the orders of their superiors. For this offence they are most properly dismissed the service; and they proceed to hold other public meetings, to perorate about the rights of Englishmen, to appeal to the *Magna Charta* and the Bill of Rights, and to put themselves in formal opposition to their superiors. If such a spirit should spread through the corps generally, we should be very soon driven to ask whether the best course would not be to disband so disorderly a force, and try to substitute some more trustworthy method of national defence.

The point is too clear to require much argument; but we may point out the necessary tendencies of such a movement, merely by way of appeal to the real well-wishers of the Volunteers to use their most energetic efforts to restrain the spirit of insubordination. The particular demonstration in question was to be in honour of M. Favre. Upon the rights and wrongs of that demonstration we need here express no opinion whatever. An Englishman has of course a right to attend any meeting he pleases, and to demonstrate just as much or as little as he chooses. If he wishes that we should go to war with Russia or with Prussia or with France, by all means let him give to his opinion every possible publicity. If he thinks that Mr. Gladstone ought to be impeached in the next Session of Parliament, with a view to subsequently striking off his head at Tower Hill, he may advocate his proposal by an abundance of strictly legal methods. If he would prefer a Republic to a Monarchy, or would like an equal distribution of land, and the maintenance at the public expense of everybody who dislikes working for his bread, he will have no difficulty in making his wishes known. The only question is, whether he should be allowed to give utterance to his opinions arrayed in his uniform, and thereby indicating that he utters them expressly in the character of a Volunteer. The first and most obvious consideration is, that if a Radical Volunteer may adopt this course, a Conservative Volunteer may of course do the same. The natural consequence will be, that our army will be divided according to its political complexion. The Working-men's Corps, for example, would naturally be disposed towards the democratic view of things. The Inns of Court and other corps belonging to the higher orders of society would as naturally be inclined in the opposite direction. When an exciting election was taking place, one candidate would get up a Volunteer procession in honour of universal suffrage, and his rival would get up one in favour of Church establishments. Admit the right of Volunteers to take part in political demonstrations, and there is no reason why every corps should not be an organization for party as well as for military purposes. The Volunteer system could be made exceedingly useful in bringing voters to the poll, whatever might be its services in repelling an invasion. Of course, when matters approximated to such an extreme, everybody would see that the system had received a fatal blow. It would be impossible to maintain at the national expense bodies engaged in active political agitation; and it would be equally impossible to maintain them in a state of military efficiency. It is difficult enough, as matters go, to keep up a respectable degree of uniformity and discipline; but once give an opening to party intrigues, and a body which depends essentially upon its having a unanimous national feeling at its back must speedily fall into disrepute, or become a mere ornamental appendage of political managers. The uniform would no longer mean that its wearer was an Englishman prepared to defend his country in case of need, but that he was a member of this or that or the other knot of political agitators.

We are, of course, very far from any consummation of the kind. Everybody would deprecate any such result except those who would like to see the Volunteer system brought to speedy ruin. But, then, where is the line to be drawn? Obviously at the point where a Volunteer takes part in any political demonstration in his capacity of Volunteer. It needs no proof that the Jules Favre demonstration was intended for a political purpose. It was intended to prove that the national feeling was in favour of a certain line of policy. It was meant to bring a pressure to bear upon our Government, in the hope of inclining them more decidedly towards the support of the French people. Of all questions which are at the present moment to be decided by Mr. Gladstone's Government this is probably the most important, and must speedily become the subject of keen party debates. It is equally plain that a Volunteer who insisted upon wearing his uniform meant to assert that, in some way or other, he was "demonstrating"—if that be the proper word—in his official capacity. If any importance could be attached to the fact of a uniform, it was due to the tacit affirmation that the 100th Middlesex, or whatever the corps might be, adopted a certain view of the question. Any evasion of this point is childish. If a bishop should attend the opening of a new institution in the ordinary costume of a gentleman, he would be a simple spectator, expressing at most his individual interest in the concern. If he put on his lawn sleeves and all his ecclesiastical

apparel, he would be taken as giving his official sanction to the proceedings. When Sapper Hodges proposed to welcome M. Jules Favre in his uniform, it was not the approval of the individual Hodges that was supposed to be valuable, but the insinuation that Mr. Hodges represented the feelings of the 1st City of London Engineers. It is, in fact, the very essence of the Volunteer system that every member of the body should combine two separate characters. When on duty he should be as much a soldier, and subject to as strict a discipline, as any private in a line regiment; when not on duty, he is precisely in the position of any other civilian. To keep this line as distinct as possible is a primary condition of the efficiency of the whole body, though we regret to see that the discrimination appears to be too much for the intellectual faculties of a certain number of Volunteers. The only outward and visible sign of the capacity in which a man is acting is, of course, his uniform; and the order to refrain from taking part in the proposed procession whilst wearing uniform is nothing but the recognition of a most imperative necessity.

We may here recall the one precedent which appears to be applicable to the case. There was once an army in England which was in the habit of taking a very decisive part in political questions. It used to hold public meetings, to elect chairmen, to carry resolutions, and every now and then to indulge in demonstrations which were of considerably more importance than any that are likely to take place at the present day. That army had some unmistakeable military merits, and indeed was preserved in the very highest state of efficiency. But, whatever good points it possessed, its existence was certainly not favourable to the Englishman's favourite right of free discussion. The agitators in the days of Cromwell succeeded in expressing their own opinions for a time, but they had an objection to anybody else expressing his opinions. The confusion between military and civilian duties leads to unpleasant consequences; though there is not much probability that the same result will take place now which took place two hundred years ago. There is a very wide difference between the Ironsides and the Volunteers. Lord Elcho will not appear in the House of Commons and order the bauble to be taken away; and the camp at Wimbledon will not be turned to account by Sapper Hodges and his friends as a means of overawing the City of London. The danger is in quite a different direction; it is not the civil power, but the military, that runs any risk of being effaced. Still there is a certain danger of a disastrous conflict. Suppose, for example, that riots should take place in any of our large towns, owing to political excitement; such things have been, and it is not out of the question that they may be again; suppose, then, that any number of Volunteers dressed in their official uniform, and taking advantage of their habits of acting together in military formation, should join without authority on either side; what would be the result? The immediate result would of course be the dismissal of the guilty persons or the disbandment of the corps to which they belonged. The more remote result would be the development of an amount of ill-feeling which, if not checked, must be absolutely fatal to a body which depends entirely and immediately upon the popularity which it enjoys. There would be an outcry against the Volunteers which no Government could withstand, and the only question would be between a thoroughgoing reform and an abandonment of the whole system. We are, fortunately, a very long way, so far as we can judge, from any such catastrophe, and we are fully convinced that the Volunteers generally have sense enough to repudiate almost unanimously the misguided action of a very small minority. The difficulty will have done no harm if it brings the Volunteers to recognise more distinctly than before a very simple truth. They will perceive, we may hope, that their efficiency depends upon their being really soldiers so long as they profess to be soldiers, and that their uniform means something more than an ornamental costume for use on public occasions. The line of demarcation between their two characters has evidently been growing faint in the minds of some members of the body, which is a bad sign for the reality of their spirit of discipline. Let us hope that their reflections on the recent occurrences will tend to strengthen their sense of a distinction the realization of which is essential to their military efficiency. The 29th Middlesex appear to have expressed very sound principles in the resolutions which were unanimously carried at their late regimental meeting, and we hope and believe that they fairly represent the general opinion of the body.

FATHER HYACINTH'S APPEAL.

THE report which went the round of the newspapers a week or two ago that Father Hyacinth had renounced his priesthood and contemplated joining the Irvingites, appears to have had about as much foundation as popular gossip about a man who has been assiduously lionized and criticized and "interviewed" for a twelvemonth past was likely to have. He now assures us, in the Appeal he has issued to "the Catholic Bishops throughout the world," that he is not separating himself from the Church of his baptism and his priesthood, and that he is ready and anxious to resume "a ministry which has been the single passion of his youth, the single ambition of his life," and which he has for the time reluctantly abandoned in obedience to the call of conscience. Even should his Appeal be received with deaf ear, and the evils he deplors remain unreformed, he still proclaims his unflinching

allegiance to "a Church greater than those who govern it, stronger than those who defend it," and his resolve to abide in the heritage of his fathers, from which "excommunications, which, being unjust, are therefore invalid," cannot exclude him. That it is no slight trial to a man whose whole training and bent of mind fit him for one particular calling, and who has displayed such rare gifts of eloquence in discharging it, to be driven, if only for a while, from all active exercise of his ministry, may readily be conceived. And the more credit certainly is due to the simple conscientiousness which has unhesitatingly sacrificed fame, influence, and splendid opportunities for the exertion of natural energies, rather than purchase their continuance by even partial or seeming disloyalty to convictions of truth. Father Hyacinthe has abundantly vindicated his right to speak with authority to those bishops of the Opposition to whom he specially addresses himself, who share his views, but whose conduct has been so conspicuously at variance with their professions. There is not indeed one syllable in his letter which the most rigorous criticism could disparage as disrespectful or unjust. But its very calmness and transparent simplicity of statement must give to his appeal to them a terribly incisive force. "Before all else we require them (the bishops of the minority) to tell us whether the decrees of the recent Council are or are not binding on our faith." But that is precisely what the personages appealed to seem to be especially desirous of avoiding. They either maintain a suspicious silence or palter with words in a double sense, saying one thing while they are understood to mean another, and issuing pastorals and circulars which, as their friends are eager to explain, can only be interpreted by being read between the lines. There is nothing so vexatious to a man shy of committing himself as to be compelled to speak out, and on prelates who have shown so masterly a capacity of keeping silent in all the languages of Europe an appeal like the present must produce almost as unpleasant a sensation as the hero of *Paradise Lost* experienced at the touch of Ithuriel's spear. It is not, however, with Father Hyacinthe personally, or with the dispute between him and his ecclesiastical superiors, that we are now concerned. The question raised in his letter is of wider interest and must be judged on its own merits.

As regards the position of the two parties in the Roman Catholic Church, and their attitude towards the bishops, the case is a very simple one and is fairly stated here. There can be no doubt, as the writer observes, that in an assembly where entire freedom of discussion and moral unanimity of votes should be a first condition, a large and influential minority complained loudly and repeatedly of restrictions of every kind being imposed on their freedom of action, and publicly refused to take any part in the final discussion. And it is natural, in view of their subsequent conduct, to ask whether, "on returning to their dioceses, as if awaking from a long dream, they have acquired a retrospective certainty of having actually enjoyed during their sojourn at Rome a moral independence of which at the time they were not conscious?" Nor is it out of place to remind them that "the question here is not of a mystery above human reason, but of a fact of personal experience; and a change of opinion in such a case is not to submit reason to authority, but to sacrifice conscience itself." Clearly if the infallibility of the Pope was before the Council a doctrine unknown to ecclesiastical antiquity, or resting on apocryphal documents which criticism has finally condemned, it must remain such after the Council. It is equally clear that those who are so persuaded remain free to declare openly and loyally that they reject the recent Encyclicals and the "Syllabus," which their most intelligent champions are constrained, like Dupanloup, to interpret in opposition to their natural sense and to the well-known intention of their author; because, if naturally interpreted, they would establish a radical incompatibility between the duty of a faithful Catholic and of an impartial student and free citizen. And if in these weighty matters there is a "schism," as there confessedly is, between the rival parties in the Church, it seems to follow that "every Catholic who has regard for the integrity and dignity of his faith—every priest who has at heart the honesty of his profession—has the right to interrogate the bishops on these points, and they are bound to answer without reticence or subterfuge"; which, however, is just what they have failed to do. "It is this reticence and these subterfuges which have been our ruin, and the time is come to restore to our Church the antique sincerity of early faith, which in these latter days has lost its vigour." It would not be easy to frame a heavier indictment than is contained in these simple words, the more severe from their quiet and unadorned simplicity. Were the Vatican Synod and its new dogma alone at stake, the reticent or diplomatic minority would be sorely put to it for a reply.

But Father Hyacinthe is far too keen-sighted not to be well aware that the question of infallibility, however important in itself, does not stand alone. It is but one of the "ramifications of a vast system," and any remedy to be effective must reach the whole. Speaking of his own country, he says, we must fear only too truly that, between Ultramontanism and infidelity, France has been compelled to remain without religion, and therefore without a constraining morality. Similar testimony has been borne by some of the most illustrious of the clergy and laity of Italy to the state of things in the Peninsula; and they are also closely in accord with the French ecclesiastic in their suggestions for reform. Both alike are urgently insisting that "the nineteenth century requires its Catholic Reformation, as the sixteenth century had its Protestant Reformation." And Hyacinthe follows the great Italian reformer Rosmini in representing the prevalent corruptions under

the mystical imagery of the five wounds of the Church, though his enumeration of details is not altogether identical. It is, indeed, more searching, and goes directly to the root of the matter. The first point dwelt on is the wound of the right hand, "the darkening of the word of God"—in other words, the practical withdrawal of the Scriptures from the people on the plea that an indiscriminate perusal might lead to heresy or unbelief. The Father boldly demands that the Bible shall be placed in its true relation to science by an intelligent exegesis, and in its true relation towards the people by a religious education worthy of it, and insists that it will then become the surest guide of life for the people, and the healthiest inspiration of their worship. This point, of giving the Scriptures to the people, and also the demand for church services in the vernacular, are among the most prominent details of the programme of the Italian reformers. There is, indeed, an authorised version of the Bible in Italian, but it can only be procured in twenty volumes, and is very inferior in style to the forbidden translation of Diodati. Not to quote other authorities here, Monsignor Tiboni of Brescia has written a learned and earnest work on the subject, under the title of *La Secolarizzazione della Bibbia*. On the subject of vernacular worship a memorial was presented to the Vatican Council from the *Società Nazionale Emancipatrice del Sacerdozio Italiano*, and it has been urged by Bianciardi, the editor of the Florence *Esaminatore*. The wound of the left hand, according to Hyacinthe, is the oppression of intellect and conscience by the abuse of hierarchical power, a point which is sufficiently illustrated by the recent proceedings of the Court of Rome. Still more startling, and, as some critics of the document will say, more revolutionary, is the interpretation put upon the wound of the Church's heart, which is none other than the compulsory celibacy of the clergy, from which "those suffer most who dare least to speak of it." The writer is careful to explain that what he condemns is not voluntary celibacy, but its forcible imposition by a perpetual vow on the whole clerical body, including men of the most diverse natures, and often the least prepared to endure the yoke. Neither, indeed, are the clergy the only sufferers; there is a further evil behind. "Nations which look upon the celibate life as the exclusive ideal of perfection fail to recognise the sanctity of domestic life, and, degrading the family in the interest of the cloister, make it the refuge of commonplace or earth-born souls, and thus the hearth and the home cease to be the altars of God." Protestants, of course, have frequently made the same criticism, but it comes with tenfold force from the lips of one who is a priest, and was for many years a monk of the severest Order in the Church. And here, too, the reforming party among the Italian clergy, following the lead of Gioberti, are entirely in accord with him. The question was dealt with by Don Ambrogio in the *Esaminatore*, and was included in the memorial already referred to, presented to the Vatican Council, as indeed it was urged in memorials presented to several of the mediæval Councils. The wounds of the feet are explained in a somewhat more general manner, though the explanation will be intelligible enough to those concerned. They consist respectively in the worldly policy and superstitious devotion of the Church, whereby her feet "have an unstable hold upon the earth." We need hardly say that here again the writer reproduces some of the strongest convictions and sympathies of his Italian brethren. The worldly policy is of course centred in the suicidal struggle for the maintenance of the temporal power of the Papacy. The "material devotions, multiplied without measure, especially in connexion with the worship of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints," are nowhere more abundant or more materialistic than in Italy. It is but the other day that Father Jandel, the General arbitrarily imposed by the present Pope on the Dominican Order, issued a circular to announce to the public the miraculous winkings and gyrations of an image of St. Dominic in a village church in Italy; and the pertinacious maintenance of the impossible legend of the *Casa Santa* at Loretto is an instance in point that will at once occur to everybody. Bianciardi goes so far as to say that "in the hands of greedy and hypocritical and especially of ignorant men the cultus of the Saints has become a sordid traffic, and an unmixt idolatry."

Such, then, are the five articles of the indictment here preferred against the hierarchy and Court of Rome. If we compare it with the *Cinque Piaghi* of Rosmini we shall find, amid some diversities of details, a substantial harmony of spirit between the two, while later Italian Reformers have more exactly reproduced the programme of the ex-Carmelite. Meanwhile the violence and extravagance of the Ultramontane party have reached a point exceeding perhaps anything witnessed in the previous history of the Church. And so the rival forces seem pitted against each other as though for deadly conflict, while the grand aim of the bishops appears to be to avoid, as far as possible, by a judicious reticence or studied vagueness of expression, committing themselves either with public opinion or with the Court of Rome. "Bishops of the Church," exclaims their vexed petitioner, in the bitterness of his soul, "have you no pity? Will you apply no effectual remedy?" But they have turned a deaf ear to many such appeals already, as earnest if not as eloquent, and we shall be much surprised if this last elicits any response. Father Hyacinthe, we suspect, will have to content himself with the reflection, which is certainly not an unreasonable one, that if his words are not powerful enough to hasten the accomplishment of the designs of Providence, they are at least sufficiently true to announce it.

THE POLICE-COURTS.

ONE of these days, when the Home Office rouses itself from dreamy "consideration" to active work, it is to be hoped that among the accumulation of subjects claiming its attention, the administration of justice in the police-courts and Quarter Sessions of London will not be overlooked. Indeed it might even not be beneath the dignity of the Lord Chancellor and the Royal Commission on the Law Courts to look into the matter. It is an obvious truism that no organization of justice can be deemed really just which does not secure efficiency and command respect and confidence in its lower as well as in its upper branches. This does not mean, of course, that a Vice-Chancellor or Chief Justice should sit in each police-court, but only that the judicial work of these courts should be performed as efficiently after its kind as that of the superior tribunals. We doubt whether any one who has made himself acquainted with the routine of the lower order of criminal courts will venture to say that they fulfil these conditions. From time to time there is always some ugly scandal cropping up in connexion with them. One day we are treated to a discreditable altercation at the Sessions between the Bench and Bar. On another occasion there is a case of more than usually hard swearing on the part of the constables at a police-court against somebody whom they have "run in" for threatening to report them. Not long ago some very curious revelations were made as to the subterranean processes by which prisoners procure bail through the agency of the officials. And only a few days since the gaoler at one of the police-courts complained to the magistrate that in "the waiting-room for prisoners it was customary for some solicitors to walk in and seek for business; and he wanted to know if this was to be allowed." The magistrate was prompt and decided enough in his reply that, as far as he was concerned, it should not be tolerated. "He was sorry to say he was quite aware of a system carried on at police-courts by some parties (he pointed to no one in particular) which should not be allowed. He, for one, would not hold out the slightest facility for such sums as 5s. or 10s. being wrung out of poor people, without in many instances doing them the slightest benefit." It strikes one as somewhat odd that the gaoler should now for the first time have found his sensitive mind exercised on the subject, and also that the magistrate, who was, by his own confession, well aware of the existence of these abuses, should never before have taken any steps to put a stop to them. We can only say that if these practices are new in that court, it has hitherto borne an exceptionally immaculate character; at any rate, they are only too familiar elsewhere. It is needless to say that no attorney of the slightest respectability would tout for business in this manner. The sort of men who prowl about the passages and waiting-rooms of police-courts are a class by themselves; not unfrequently, indeed, they are not really attorneys at all, but only clerks passing themselves off as licensed practitioners. The energies of these harpies are concentrated on the endeavour to squeeze as much as possible out of the wretched creatures who in their ignorance and terror lie helplessly at their mercy. Of course the regular professional criminals are too experienced and knowing to have anything to do with these gentry; they have their own lawyers, whom they can trust, and can afford to pay them well. It is the casual criminal, who has yielded to some chance temptation, or perhaps, without having really done anything wrong beyond getting into bad company, has been caught up on suspicion by the police, in whom the legal sharks of the police-court find their easiest and most profitable prey. It may be said that if fellows of this description were excluded from the waiting-rooms, they would only be driven to find other means of waylaying and entrapping their victims; but at least the administration of justice would be freed from the scandal of connivance at their disgraceful pursuits. Nor, we fear, are these abuses confined to the police-courts and the scum of attorneydom. Touting for business is unhappily not unknown even to barristers at Sessions. Of course they dare not venture upon it directly, but their clerks hunt for them. A clerk who is an adept in getting among the prisoners and their friends, and pushing for business, is always an object of competition among a certain class of barristers who yearn for something more substantial than "soup"—that is, the briefs doled out by the Court itself—but who find it hard to attain their end by legitimate means. A clerk who has family influence at his back, who is second cousin of a warder, or is courting a turnkey's daughter, commands his own terms.

It is obvious that there are two elements which go to make up a sound system of justice. First, it is necessary that the Judge shall be competent to give a right decision on the case submitted to him; and, secondly, that the case shall be fairly and fully set before him. These two elements are embodied in the Bench and the Bar, and the functions of the one are really quite as important and indispensable as the functions of the other. Moreover, there will always be found to be a close correspondence in character between the two, the one acting and reacting on the other, so that it is usually enough to know what kind of lawyers practise in any particular Court in order to form a tolerably accurate estimate of the Judge who presides there; and the reputation of the Judge is in like manner a very fair index to the class of practitioners who frequent his Court. Now, with regard to the police-magistrates of London, they are, no doubt, on the whole reasonably well qualified for their work. They are intelligent, well-meaning

barristers, of unimpeachable integrity, whose chief faults are an undignified garrulity and a morbid passion for uttering small jokes for the entertainment of the ushers and policemen. If they are not very strong in law, it may be said that they have about as much law as they need, since they can always get rid of the more intricate and difficult questions by sending them to a higher Court. On the whole, then, the magistrates are quite capable of doing their part of the work—that is, of giving a just decision on the facts presented to them. The weak point of the police-courts is that they afford no security that the facts will be presented in a full and honest manner. We have little doubt that in the majority of cases substantial justice is done. A large proportion of the prisoners brought up by the police belong unmistakably to the criminal classes. They are usually guilty of the offence laid to their charge, though sometimes it may rest more on suspicion than on real evidence; and even if they have not committed this particular piece of villany, they have generally done something else just as bad. It is probably seldom that the police place an entirely innocent person in the dock. Still they must make mistakes now and then, and the tendency of the whole course of procedure is terribly against the prisoner. No one who has watched the proceedings in the police-courts can resist an uncomfortable impression that every year a considerable number of people are convicted of crimes and offences which they either never committed, or which, at least, there is no adequate evidence to bring home to them. One has only to observe the way in which the police-courts get through their business to see how overwhelming is the balance of chances against the accused. Take the case, for instance, of a poor man charged with some ordinary crime—say, theft or assaulting the police. Utterly ignorant of legal procedure, confused and bewildered by the position in which he finds himself, his natural stupidity and sluggishness of mind are further deadened by fear and shame. Against him are arrayed sharp, practised, and not always scrupulous constables, experts of the witness-box, who give their evidence with professional ease and smartness, and know how to strengthen a case by an imaginative touch. Their testimony is rarely analysed in a case of identification without being found to contain a large proportion of misstatements and discrepancies. Usually they are quite right on the main points of fact, but the details with which they surround it are often more or less fictitious. Having arrived at a moral certainty in their own minds as to the guilt of the prisoner, they are apt to think it no great harm to produce conviction in the minds of others by drawing on their fancy to supply any missing links in the chain of evidence. The temptation to do so is certainly considerable. Not only their professional reputation and that of the force, but their prospect of promotion, is more or less at stake; and, on the other hand, there is, in ordinary cases, little or no check whatever on anything they choose to say. They are cross-examined either in a slight superficial way or not at all. In many instances the prisoner is undefended, or, if he has a lawyer, it is a hundred chances to one that he has picked him out of the wretched and incapable crew who haunt the waiting-rooms and tout either personally or through the constables and other officials. It is easy to conceive what chance a prisoner has, under such circumstances, of getting his side of the case properly brought out if the suspicion is at all strong against him.

In the police-courts the police are often prosecutor and witness at once; but a more dangerous combination is to be found at the Sessions, where occasionally the Judge, to save the county rates, takes charge of the prosecutor's brief and interrogates the witnesses from it. Even a strong-minded Judge would find it difficult to withstand the prepossessions thus suggested, and unfortunately the Sessions Judges are not, as a rule, remarkable for strength of mind. On the other hand, perhaps the laxity which prevails in some of these Courts, the unseemly wrangling which breaks out at intervals between Bench and Bar, and the license allowed to barristers to abuse not only each other, but even the Bench, tend to the advantage of prisoners with adroit and unscrupulous advocates. It can hardly be said, however, that the interests of justice gain thereby. Nor is the mischief confined to these particular Courts. Young men beginning their career at the Bar must take their turn there with the rest, and are thus liable to be corrupted at the outset. The traditional Old Bailey barrister is bad enough in his way, though a tame and pleasant type compared with the Mohicans of some London Sessions, and it is to early training at the latter that we may trace the origin of his worst defects. The remedy for these abuses lies in the thorough reorganization of the criminal administration of London. Arrangements adapted for a sparse population and little country towns are altogether unsuited to a great capital whose more than 3,000,000 of inhabitants include an unreasonably large proportion of every kind of criminal, while the conditions of its life present peculiar temptations to crime. The position of the Judges at Quarter Sessions should be raised in rank and emoluments, and assimilated as far as possible to that of the Recorder, the presence of the Justices being either dispensed with or reduced, like that of the aldermen at the Old Bailey, to a simple formality. With Judges of higher professional standing and more assured position, we might expect to witness a corresponding improvement in the manners of the Bar. At the police-courts the present magistrates are probably good enough for their work, but the free and easy manner in which they frequently perform it is hardly conducive to respect either for themselves or for the law which they administer. Perhaps if they wore their wigs and gowns it

would tend to remind them of their office, and to repress that vivacious readiness to deliver an opinion offhand, on any kind of question submitted to them, which reminds us of nothing so much as paterfamilias warning his coat-tails before breakfast on the domestic hearth-rug. The magistrates do a great deal of good by hearing random complaints and giving such advice as occurs to them, but they often do a great deal of harm by delivering their advice publicly. They should deal with such cases in their private rooms, beyond earshot of the reporters. Moreover, they can hardly fail to be aware that the habit of allowing any one to make *ex-parte* statements in their courts has given rise to a system of extorting money on the part of scoundrels who would think twice before entering a formal charge on the police-sheet, but have little hesitation in making a vague statement to the magistrate, sufficiently explicit to wound the person aimed at, though not enough so to warrant proceedings against themselves. Moreover, their known power to make such statements often renders a threat sufficient to obtain hush-money from timid, respectable people, who are more afraid of scandal than of anything else. If the magistrates would only exercise a rigid discipline as to what they permit to be said before them, they would do a great deal to purify their courts. It is at least an obvious necessity that their courts should be closed to all kinds of legal touting, that prisoners requiring legal advice should apply direct to the magistrates, who should recommend some trustworthy person from a chosen list, and that any official taking upon himself to tout for any legal practitioner, or to facilitate touting, should be summarily dismissed. And, above all, some arrangement should be devised by which the evidence of the police should be severely tested, in the interest no less of the public than of the prisoners.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS.

III.

IN this concluding notice we bring the history of painting down to our own times, and shall have occasion to consider how modern painters stand in competition with the old masters. Certain broad distinctions between modern and ancient art are apparent even on a cursory survey of the works here assembled. Mediæval art is, comparatively speaking, deep in tone, symmetric in composition, elevated in motive. Modern art in contrast is light and joyous; free and easy, not to say frivolous. Art in the middle ages was dedicated to the Church; art in modern times is destined for the drawing-room; the one was a religion, and ministered to devotion, the other is a recreation, and serves for decoration. Yet on the whole modern pictures suffer less than might have been anticipated from close proximity with the master-works of the great epochs.

William Dyce, R.A., serves as a connecting link between the old school and the new; "Jacob and Rachel" (59), and "Joash Shooting the Arrow of Deliverance" (99), are of an academic style which, if somewhat dry, is not without dignity. William Mulready, R.A., in a well-known picture, "The Whistonian Controversy" (146), flavours Goldsmith's humour with Dutch phlegm; the manner is borrowed from the Low Countries; altogether the picture sustains Mr. Ruskin's sarcasm—"We have not known until now that the greatest gifts might be wasted by prudence, and the greatest errors committed by precision." The graceful Stothard, akin to Raffaele in sense of beauty, is represented by one of his most mature pictures, "Jacob's Dream" (31). The ascending and descending angels are very lovely; the general composition has evidently been suggested by "Raffaele's Bible." A subscription was once begun, but abandoned, for the purpose of securing this picture to the National Gallery; the present owner obtained the work at the modest price of 300*l*. Another connecting link between the past and the present is a curious conceit by vision-seeing Blake, "The Spiritual Form of Pitt guiding Behemoth" (285), a companion picture to "The Spiritual Form of Nelson guiding Leviathan." Blake himself tells us that "the two pictures of Nelson and Pitt are compositions of a mythological cast, similar to those apotheoses of Persian, Hindoo, and Egyptian antiquity which are still preserved on rude monuments." "The Artist having been taken in vision into the ancient republics, monarchies, and patriarchates of Asia, has seen those wonderful originals called in the Sacred Scriptures the Cherubim," &c. "The Artist has endeavoured to emulate the grandeur of the forms seen in his visions, and to apply them to modern Heroes." Whether poor Blake was inspired or merely mad, may be tested by the nightmare picture before us. Persons interested in spiritual art in all ages will do well to compare Blake's Pitt who "rides on the whirlwind" with Fra Angelico's "Last Judgment" (313). It will be remembered that Fra Giovanni claimed, like Blake, divine guidance.

The admirable portraits in Burlington House serve as an epitome of schools of portrait-painting; Italian, Spanish, German, Flemish, and English. "A Spanish Warrior" (10), and "Titian's Schoolmaster" by Moroni, also "Portrait of a Senator" (101) by Piombo, show how quiet, reticent, and yet how resonant in under-tones, were the noble portrait-painters of Venice. Most masterly in management, too, is Tintoret's "Cardinal Lorraine" (238). Giorgione's "Lady Professor of Bologna" (94) seems of a doubtful sex—a doubt which may extend to lady professors in the present day. Surely this cannot be the lady lecturer

who found it needful to veil her beauty from the gaze of the students. From the Venetians we may turn for contrast to Holbein, Walker, and Maes. "The Third Duke of Norfolk" (153), by Holbein, is literal and leathery, yet as a truthful transcript inimitable; "John Evelyn" (152), by Walker, is solid yet transparent; "A Lady" (143), by Maes, looks content with her unflattered plebeianism. It is strange how the want of imagination may be felt even in a portrait. It is with large comprehension, if not quite with imagination, that Rembrandt, Rubens, and Vandyke look at character. Rembrandt's "Burgomaster" (77) is grand in breadth of shadow; the face in light, looking out from darkness, has amazing force. "A Portrait" (114), also by Rembrandt, stands in relief as a bust in terra-cotta; the effect is more startling than agreeable. "The Earl of Arundel and Surrey" (158), by Rubens, appeared among "Historic Portraits" at Kensington not only as a portrait but as a consummate picture; the armour is magnificently painted. Of eighteen Vandykes the most memorable is the portrait of "The Balbi Children" (148), equal in quality, if not superior, to the famous group "The Children of Charles I."

The English school, in comparison with the great historic schools, suffers least in portraits and landscapes. Indeed Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, and Raeburn—all seen to advantage in Piccadilly—appear to gain each time they are put on exhibition. Of eight Gainsboroughs, preference will be given to the portrait of the painter's nephew, "Edward R. Gardiner" (154); there is not a head in these rooms more intelligent in outlook of eye, or more exquisite for delicate touch and liquid impasto. "Mrs. Gregory" (54) leads Raeburn into rare grace and refinement, and Romney, the rival of Reynolds, a painter of pleasing persuasiveness, finds a subject to his liking in "Lady Russell and her Child" (137).

The gaze of the child into the looking-glass is a happy incident. Reynolds, as usual, takes the lead among his contemporaries. Of twenty-one examples, perhaps the most charming are two fancy portraits, simple and yet artful, natural as nature herself, and yet painted with subtlest sense of pictorial effect; the one "Lady Anne Fitzpatrick, known as Sylvia" (132), the other "A Child in a Mob-cap" (385). Why the name of the last little lady, Miss Penelope Boothby, is not given the compilers of the catalogue can best tell. In fact, the catalogue is the reverse of critical. The generic nomenclature "Portrait of a Lady" more than once serves to disguise historic ignorance. And yet Pitt's ghost is set down, in spite of Blake to the contrary, as "Portrait of the Right Hon. William Pitt" (285). Surely absurdity can no further go.

In the Academy are brought into proximity three schools of landscape-painting; the Italian, the Dutch, and the English. We will speak briefly of each in succession. The landscape art of Italy is as usual represented by Salvator Rosa, the two Poussins, Claude, and Canaletto. The first thought which the twenty-nine collective examples before us seem to suggest is the preponderating presence of human action and interest; these pictures stand on the boundary line between historic art and landscape proper; they belong to a period when nature served but as a background or foreground to some memorable event, such as the Baptism of St. John, the Flight into Egypt, the Sermon on the Mount, or the Landing of Æneas. The contrast between the old school and the new school is indeed great; our modern painters, instead of troubling themselves with historic transactions, are content when they animate landscape with the smallest of incidents—a rabbit, it may be, running across a warren, a swallow on the wing, or a swan watching her shadow in the water. The distinction to which we would draw attention is apparent in two grandly conceived pictures by Nicholas Poussin, "Il Riposo; a Holy Family with Angels" (85), and "A Landscape; Jupiter and Io" (195). How dramatic, how responsive as it were to human passion, was landscape made when it first issued from the noble schools of figure-painting, is further evident in Gaspar Poussin's "Land Storm" (257). The way, too, in which nature was forced to play an accompaniment to the drama of humanity, and induced to look on in quiet immobility while man was racked with torment, is seen in two compositions by Salvator Rosa, preternatural in blackness—"Diogenes about to throw away his Cup" (425), and "Democritus contemplating the end of all things" (429). Here the trees, in composing lines, comport grandly with the action, as in Titian's "Peter Martyr." Claude of course is comparatively tranquil; no storm breaks on the serenity of his sky, scarcely a breeze ruffles the topmost branches of his trees; yet Claude, too, shows lofty indifference to the facts of nature, he cares not to be true to actual locality or historic incident. Thus, just as Salvator Rosa identifies "The Finding of Moses" (409) with the Bay of Naples and the rocks of Calabria, so does Claude transplant "The Sermon on the Mount" (156) to sylvan lakes of Italy. This imposing picture may be admired as a grand impossibility. Christ and the twelve Apostles are perched on a mushroom mountain made on purpose, and the multitude, half a mile off, look, listen, and adore. Yet Claude is here true to his better genius in the tender tone, the placid, poetic sentiment thrown over distant lake and mountain. On the whole, it may be said this school of Italian landscape belongs to the pre-scientific age, when painters drew largely for facts on their imaginations.

The Dutch school of landscape, compared with the Italian, is as prose to poetry, as plain fact to pleasing fiction. Six works by Hobbema, and eleven by Ruysdael, depart not from the accustomed style. "A Landscape" (13), with a shadowy pool, wherein water-lilies float tranquilly, corresponds to a masterpiece by Ruysdael in "The Hermitage," a picture which, according to the catalogue of that collection, "a été souvent désigné comme le plus beau du

maître." "A Waterfall" (171), also by Ruysdael, if hard and mechanical, is not wanting in drawing; the cataract has onward rush and movement; the ear seems to catch the roar of waters. "A Fresh Breeze" (224) is an equally favourable example. The low horizon, the flat coast in the hazy distance, the cloudy storm sky teeming with rain and turbulent with wind, are not only characteristic of the master, but eminently true to the sandy shores of Holland when lashed by storms from the North Sea. Ruysdael was, says Dr. Waagen, "beyond all dispute the greatest of the Dutch landscape-painters." The same kindly critic pronounces "A Landscape; Cleves in the distance" (61) "a picture which in extent, lighting, refinement of sky, linear perspective, power and transparency of colouring, is one of the most important works" of Philip de Köning. This master is rare; his best works are in the private collections of England. Köning and Ruysdael formed their styles under the influence of Rembrandt, a master who cast the grandest gloom over the whole school. Vanderneer, of the same shadow-loving style, permits himself such warmth and sunshine as may be compatible with Northern climes in a "Landscape and River," lovely in tone and impressive in breadth. Hobbema, the contemporary of Ruysdael, was first appreciated in England, where, in fact, nine-tenths of his works are found. His leafy woodlands have fetched as much as 4,000*l.* "A Forest Scene, with Cottages" (96), is faithful in the study of trees; the sprays which play against the sky are feathery. "A Landscape and Cattle" (377), perhaps the best of the six examples before us, is equally noteworthy for fidelity of detail. Yet how cold and unmoved does the spectator remain before this heavy, mechanical piece of manual dexterity! A subject bearing an identical title comes from the easel of Turner; and how in comparison does the canvas glow with liquid colour and poetic ardour! Not a single Dutchman has a poet's eye for nature, with the exception perhaps of Cuyp, the Claude of the Dutch school. This painter's sunny meadows are more than bucolic; the cattle, whatever be the defect in their anatomies, have an epicurean relish for the grass they graze on, and as they ruminate a meditative eye is turned to the sunset sky. "A View on the Dort" (66) is liquid and golden; Cuyp, like his cows, had visions of a clime brighter than the land of his birth.

The English landscape school of the past is distinguished by the possession of an historic pedigree; our early landscape-painters, indeed, were usually admitted to the study of earth, air, and water only through the friendly intervention of some well-accredited master such as Poussin and Claude, or Ruysdael, Hobbema, or Cuyp. And this conservative practice produced higher results than the revolutionary and chaotic career which followed on the publication of "Modern Painters." The landscapes now in the Academy, which belong to a period when "Pre-Raffaellism" was not thought of, stand in wholesome protest against the products of the last ten or fifteen years. Crome seems by turns to have studied nature through the kind assistance of Claude and Hobbema. "Brathey Bridge" (45) is Claude-like in atmosphere and colour; on the other hand, "A Landscape with Figures" (35) is literal in detail; this study of sapling oak with foreground weeds is worthy of Wynants. In the same room hang two remarkable works by Constable, an artist who owed less to historic tradition than most of his contemporaries. "The Cenotaph at Coleorton in Memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds" (44) is in surface rough and heavily loaded, as if the painter had worked with a besom or palette-knife. "The Hay-Wain" (16) belongs to the artist's more refined and finished manner. This truly English landscape, when exhibited in Paris more than forty years ago, received the Gold Medal; the work, which made a strong impression, is said to have influenced Troyon in the formation of his style. This first Gallery which seems to have been set apart for the special honour of the English school is singularly infelicitous in two conspicuous examples. No small merriment has in fact followed on the discovery that "Italy" (40), set down to Turner, and "The Slave Market" (12), ascribed to Müller, are nothing else than clever forgeries. We refrain from giving the name of the artist who is supposed to have been guilty of the imposition. Speaking merely from internal evidence, we should say that "The Slave Market" wants the broad sketchy handling, the bold salient character of Müller. The composition too strikes us as but a showy compilation of domes and minarets; we know of no spot in Cairo whence the scene could be taken. Müller lived and painted in Cairo, and his portfolios, when they came from the East, gave proof of work done on the spot. The "Italy" (40) ascribed to Turner equally falls before critical examination. The plagiarist painter, whoever he may prove to be, was determined to out-Herod Herod; the defects of Turner are exaggerated, the shadows are too positive, what is careless is too careless, and what is careful is too measured. The touch is not Turner's, the figures are evidently by another hand, and the tree-stems assuredly have little in common with the "Liber Studiorum." We pass from this forgery to "A Landscape with Cattle" (235), and at once see how studious and true Turner was, at least in his early time. And yet into what wild riot the painter's imagination ran is evident from that grand vision "The Fifth Plague of Egypt" (140). Lightning flashes in the sky, and fire runs along the ground; the tempest rages as in Handel's "Hailstone Chorus." The composition proves the painter's boundless resource; it is at once complex and simple; as a grand concerto, it sustains several parts at the same time; an idea is taken up, laid aside, then taken up again, and carried forward, till a crash and a climax are reached. Surely it cannot be said that our English school is without imagination,

when within living memory Turner, Danby, and Martin have astonished the world.

In conclusion, we may observe that this widely representative collection affords students given to speculation data upon which to rest the theory or philosophy of the arts. Among the four hundred pictures here collected, having a chronological range of nearly five hundred years, and a geographic distribution extending from the sunny shores of the Mediterranean to the cold and stormy borders of the North Sea, may be traced the influence of climate, race, religion, social condition, and political government. In art, in fact, the battle of the schools, as here again fought out, is found to be but one of the many phases of the great battle for life; the forces of nature and the passions of the human mind find their reflex in art. We are glad to add that this instructive exhibition will yet remain open long enough for the speculative student to work out his æsthetic theories.

LITTLE AND GREAT COMEDY.

THE opening of a new theatre in Sloane Square is the first step in a process which is capable of indefinite extension. In fine weather the inhabitants of a considerable district might easily walk to and from this theatre, and thus one portion of the expense which usually attends theatrical amusement might be avoided. The enormous development of what is commonly called London has rendered the system of central theatres unsuitable. The journey from a suburb to the Strand is not only costly and troublesome, but it inconveniently infringes upon the hour consecrated to dinner. A well-managed and readily accessible theatre ought to attract the middle-class population of Bayswater or St. John's Wood as effectually as a lecture or a dramatic reading. The programme of such a theatre should be mainly composed of light comedy and opera, and if it were to aspire to become the theatre of a district, the programme would require to be changed oftener than once in three months. It deserves consideration also whether the prices of admission might not be advantageously reduced below the prevailing tariff of the Strand, at least to the extent of offering encouragement to frequent visitors. In order to ensure variety of entertainment, the companies of two or three such theatres might be interchanged; and, if variety could be ensured, the same visitors might be attracted weekly, or even nightly, to the same theatre, as they used to be to Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatre in former times.

The Royal Court Theatre in Sloane Square appears to want nothing but an audience to render it a successful experiment of the sort above described. It stands in a neighbourhood which might well support a theatre, and, besides, there is opposite to it a station of the Metropolitan Railway, by which people may reach it from all parts of London if it should happen to become particularly attractive. The comedy which Mr. Gilbert has written for the opening of this theatre has more merit than might be expected from its absurd title. It is the kind of piece which has filled other theatres, and although we may ourselves be rather tired of picnics on the stage, we have no reason to suppose that the public has lost its relish for this mild amusement. There is sentiment in this comedy, and there is wit. It is different in kind from the *Palace of Truth* by the same author, which has proved successful at the Haymarket, but we think it nearly equal in merit, and it is very fairly acted. Above all, it is adapted for family use, and except that an elderly gentleman drinks too much champagne cup at the picnic, there is not an incident which transgresses the boundary of strict propriety. The name of the piece, *Randall's Thumb*, is designed to indicate that the hero of it, Buckthorpe, is "under the thumb" of the villain Randall. The hero supposes himself to have committed a murder, and the villain, by threatening to denounce him to the police, compels him to assist in his own wicked design. Ultimately the man supposed to have been murdered turns out to be alive, and thus the influence of Randall terminates, and Buckthorpe is able to resume the path of virtue under the guidance of a pretty girl who has a fortune of 38,000*l.* The picnic is held in a cave by the seaside, which is liable to be flooded at high water. A pair of lovers linger behind the rest of the party, and are surprised by the rising tide, and obliged to take refuge on the highest accessible ledge of rock, where they group themselves becomingly to await deliverance. If we say that this contrivance is rather stale, we do not intend to censure this comedy any more than several others which by similar means have recently attained popularity. The play is, as times go, a very creditable composition, and we really believe that it would have been applauded if there had been anybody to applaud. The judgment of visitors to this theatre is assisted by a selection of criticisms from newspapers printed on the play-bill. "The originality of the characters and the freshness of the situations" would certainly have escaped us if we had been left to rely on our own discernment, but we could have discovered without a guide the cleverness of the dialogue. One critic perceives "the influence of Mr. Robertson's style" in the discourse, but we should have found it not so much in that which comes out of the mouths of the characters as in that which goes into them. Irrespectively of fashion, we do not see why a picnic-scene by Mr. Gilbert should not be as amusing as an outdoor luncheon-scene by Mr. Robertson, and possibly the current of fashion may in time set towards this new theatre. If "the influence of Mr. Robertson's style" had extended to the title of the play, it would perhaps have been called "Thumb" only.

As an example of a more vigorous style of contemporary drama the *Ticket of Leave Man*, which has been lately revived at the Holborn Theatre, deserves attention. This play loses none of its popularity by lapse of time, and it is a remarkable instance of the success which may be attained by an author who can appropriate to the purpose of his art the special features of the society in which he lives. The hero of this play falls from his place among men of unimpeached honesty, and it is difficult and almost impossible for him to regain it. This is a tragedy of common life, which needs no sensational accessories to impress an audience. It should be added that the comic characters of this play, and in particular the landlady of the lodgings, are very amusing. The wonder is that the author of this play should also have been the author of other plays which can only be described as experiments upon the patience of the public.

The rapidity with which modern plays are usually produced almost forbids the possibility of their possessing enduring merit. The great comedies of the last century were written by men whose dramatic works might be counted on the fingers of one hand. One of the most remarkable of these comedies has been lately revived at the Princess's Theatre. The *Man of the World*, in which Mr. Phelps appears, deserves attention, both on account of the actor and the play. The part of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant is thoroughly suited to Mr. Phelps, and the satirical portrait of the Scotch adventurer of the last century which delighted our grandfathers has both a dramatic and political interest for ourselves. Any reader of the history of the early years of the reign of George III. will appreciate the skill with which the author of this play turned to account the popular prejudice against Scotchmen in general, which had grown out of jealousy of Lord Bute's influence over the King. When Sir Pertinax enters and rebukes his son for absence from the Minister's *levée*, we can imagine the effect which must have been produced by the same scene a century ago. He bids his son observe what others do:—

Gentle and simple, temporal and spiritual, lords, members, judges, generals, and bishops, aw crowding, bustling, and pushing foremost intill the middle of the circle, and there waiting, watching, and striving to catch a look or smile from the great mon, which they meet wi' an amicable reesibility of aspect, a modest cadence of body, and a conciliating co-operation of the whole mon, which expresses an officious promptitude for his service, and indicates that they luick upon themselves as the suppliant appendages of his power and the enlisted Swiss of his political fortune.

This, he says, is what his son ought to do, and this is what he had himself never once omitted doing for five and thirty years, let who would be Minister. The English antipathy to Scotchmen is exemplified in the well-known epigram on the punishment of Cain, in the story of Johnson's reply to Boswell, who said that he could not help being a Scotchman—"Sir, it is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help"—and in many other jokes of the period, good or bad. In this play, from the first entrance of Sir Pertinax to his last exit, every word that he utters must have been delightful to a London audience, who hated Scotchmen much more for the virtues which the play ridicules than for the vices which it exaggerates. "I have acquired," says Sir Pertinax, "a princely fortune, and how do you think I raised it?" "Doubtless, sir," answers his son, "by your abilities." "Doubtless, sir," replies the father, "you are a blockhead." He raised his fortune by "boozing." He never could stand straight in the presence of a great man, but always booed, and booed, and booed, as it were by instinct. For the instruction of his son he proceeds to give a sketch of his own career. All his provision from his own father was a modicum of Latin, expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel, the principal ingredients of which were persevering industry, rigid economy, a smooth tongue, pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every man well pleased with himself. Coming to London and obtaining a beggarly clerkship in the counting-house of a countryman, he cast about his thoughts, and marked every man and every mode of prosperity, and at last he concluded that a matrimonial adventure prudently conducted would be the readiest gate that he could gang for the bettering of his condition. In this pursuit, upon which he now entered, beauty often struck his eye, and played about his heart, and fluttered and beat and knocked, but it got no entrance. He observed that beauty was a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of commodity, and therefore he left it to prodigals and coxcombs that could afford to pay for it. The star of his affections was "the siller, sir, the siller"; and where did he gang to look for this woman with the siller? "Nae till the Court, nae till the play-houses or assemblies; nae, sir, I ganged till the Kirk, till the Anabaptist, Independent, and Muggletonian meetings, till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels-of-ease, and till the midnight melting conciliating love-feasts of the Methodists." There he fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maidan that looked like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass-case. He watched her motions, handed her to her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week, married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month, touched the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, he began the world again. "This, sir, was the first effectual boo I ever made till the vanity of human nature." Such a scene as this makes us feel the immeasurable distance which separates the great comedy of the last century from the little comedy of our own day. It may be hoped that *Randall's Thumb* will last until its author has had time to write another play to take its place. The *Man of the*

World will last as long as there is an English world in which the qualities symbolized by the name of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant help their possessor in the pursuit of wealth and power. The satire which the author aimed at Scotchmen remains applicable to pushing, pliable men of the world in general. There has indeed been an improvement, or at least an alteration, in national morals in a century. Neither a lawyer nor a clergyman could now be addressed with the sort of proposals that are unhesitatingly made to them by Sir Pertinax in this play, but on the other hand the modern stage has seen some experiments upon the limits of decency which would not have been deemed practicable by a dramatic author of Macklin's age. The revival of this play has afforded an opportunity of comparing little and great comedy, and of appreciating the difference between the drama of the hour and the drama of all time. But a little comedy is better than no comedy at all.

REVIEWS.

STUBBS'S SELECT CHARTERS.*

PROFESSOR STUBBS seems to have made up his mind to hide his light under a bushel. The great portraits of Henry the Second and Richard the First, the tale of Archbishop Baldwin and Archbishop Hubert, the general picture of England under the Angevin Kings, all exist for the benefit of those who know where to look for them. But to the mass of people, even of fairly well-informed people who wish to know something of the history of their country, they are as though they had never been written. Pieces which would have been the making of any historian living are hidden where none but a few zealous scholars are ever likely to dig them out. We have said this over and over again, in hopes of leading the Professor to forsake the error of his ways, and of persuading him at last to come forth and show himself openly. But here again is the old story. Here is a book of Select Charters which Mr. Stubbs simply claims to have "arranged and edited." No one would guess from this that he has thrown in, in the casual way in which he does throw things in, a sketch of the early constitutional history of England, such as has never been written before. It is not only that Mr. Stubbs has an amount of mere knowledge which is altogether unrivalled. It is not only that all that he knows is available at a moment's notice, that he has every fact bearing on his subject at his fingers' ends. The thing which is really wonderful is the way in which he knows how to use his learning, the power and clearness with which he can set forth, in what with him becomes a narrative and not a mere disquisition, the constitutional history of the English nation. But no one would guess all this from the title-page. There Mr. Stubbs professes only to arrange and edit. When we turn to his short preface we find the key. An historical summary which every Englishman of decent intelligence ought to get up is modestly veiled under the name of "other Illustrations." "I have attempted," Mr. Stubbs says, "by way of illustration to point out the bearing of the several documents on one another and on the national polity; supplying in the Introductory Sketch a string of continuous theory of the development of the system." Truly the gleanings of Ephraim are better than the vintage of Abiezer. In these fifty pages, which seem to have dropped from Mr. Stubbs by chance, and which he does his best in his title-page to hide from anybody's sight, we get the constitutional history of our race for about thirteen hundred years, written with such combined learning, power, and clearness as to put it beyond the reach of living competition.

At the same time, if Mr. Stubbs had really done nothing but arrange and edit, if he had not attempted the process which, half ironically we suspect, he speaks of as "illustration," he would still have produced an extremely useful book. He has, he tells us, "tried to collect in it every constitutional document of importance during the period that it covers." Mr. Stubbs has not only tried but succeeded. We have here, in a very small compass, a mass of documents of various kinds, which readers of English history are constantly needing, to which narrative historians are constantly sending them, but which have hitherto been scattered here and there through all manner of volumes, many of them rare and costly. Here, thanks to Mr. Stubbs, they are all side by side; the quintessence of a whole library is pressed close together into one little book. To those who have not large libraries or access to large libraries, the book is a real substitute; and even to those who are more lucky it is a great gain to have such a guide to teach them the way about their own shelves. One thing only is at all lacking. Mr. Stubbs not only gives us a store of legal documents, and some whole treatises, like the *Dialogus de Scaccario* and the *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum*; he gives us also large extracts from the narrative historians when they bear on constitutional matters. A few words at the first citation of each writer, giving some notion of their respective dates and values, would have been of use to many.

Mr. Stubbs begins and ends at the right time and in the right place. He is not a lawyer, and in the earlier centuries of English history it is a gain not to be a lawyer. The technical knowledge

* *Select Charters and other Illustrations of English Constitutional History from the Earliest Times to the Reign of Edward the First.* Arranged and edited by William Stubbs, M.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1870.

of the lawyer becomes of infinite value when we get to about the time when Mr. Stubbs leaves off. But in earlier times there has been no more fertile source of misconception than applying the arbitrary rules of a jurisprudence of later date to the events of times when those arbitrary rules were not yet heard of. Mr. Stubbs most wisely begins at the very beginning; he has firmly grasped and he clearly sets forth the great truth that we Englishmen are ourselves and are not somebody else. Never were the facts of the earliest English history more tersely set forth than in his Introductory Sketch; all that could be wished as to national descent, law, and language, is put forth with the greatest force and clearness. Mr. Stubbs fully understands and vigorously teaches that the English people has always been the English people, and that the foreign elements in its speech and institutions are simply an infusion absorbed into a greater pre-existing mass. "From the Briton and the Roman of the fifth century," he tells us, "we have received nothing." "The first traces of our national history must be sought not in Britain, but in Germany." He accordingly begins his sketch of English constitutional history with those well-known passages from Cæsar and Tacitus—from Tacitus, who gives us the first passing notice of the English name—which, familiar as they are, it is a gain to see brought in, in their right places, as the first links in the great chain of English history. Mr. Stubbs then goes on to sketch the main features of the Old-English polity, showing how all that was essential to it was brought over ready made from our old homes, but how many of its details were modified by the circumstances of the conquest; how, for instance, the power of the King or Prince, as the leader of a conquering tribe, was, from the beginning of our settlement in Britain, greater than it had been in the older England, in the older Saxony. He then compares the constitutional development of England with that of un-Romanized Germany and of the Romanized lands of Gaul and Spain; he points out also the different processes by which the different Teutonic kingdoms in Britain grew up. Then comes his sketch, clear and forcible, of the Old-English social and political system, and the changes which it underwent during those six hundred years which so many people treat as if they were a unit of time. Here comes what is nearly the only point on which we should be disposed to pick the slightest quarrel with Mr. Stubbs. We cannot but think that the Witenagemót was, in theory at least, a far more popular body than he conceives it to have been. We do not see how he can get over the many passages in the Chronicles and in Florence, in which highly popular language is used with regard to the ancient National Assembly, and in which we find distinct mention of large bodies of the men, as the citizens of London, the army, the sailors of the fleet, and so forth, having a share in the choice of Kings and in pronouncing sentences of outlawry.

Mr. Stubbs marks with great force the increased power of the Crown which followed on the union of the separate English Kingdoms under one Sovereign. We are not so sure that we can go with him when he makes the establishment of the great Earldoms under Cnut a change in a feudal direction. But there can be no doubt that feudal ideas were at that time fast coming in with regard to the tenure of land. On this follows a passage of wonderful truth and terseness:—

The Norman Conquest in one aspect stopped this natural growth of feudalism: in another, it may be said to have introduced the feudal system. Had this system developed naturally, it would have doubtless become, as it did abroad, the framework of government. The Conqueror saw the evils of this exemplified in France. He, from the beginning of his reign, attempted to rule as the national sovereign, not as the feudal lord. The great confiscations resulting from the rebellions of the native earls threw, however, enormous territories into his hands, and these being distributed among his followers on the feudal conditions, constituted him at once the supreme landowner. To these conditions all other tenures were gradually but rapidly assimilated; they were not so assimilated when Domesday Book was drawn up, but before the accession of Henry I. they seem to have become uniformly feudal.

How different is the view of the philosophic historian, at once knowing facts and able to trace facts to their causes, from the dreams of technical lawyers, Blackstone for instance, about "the Feudal System" being introduced in a particular Assembly in a particular year.

Then follow sketches of the reigns of the two Williams and Henry the First, showing how at that time the Norman baronage was the common enemy alike of the Norman King and of the English people—a state of things to be altogether turned about when we reach the thirteenth century. Then comes the anarchy of Stephen, after which Mr. Stubbs is landed on the ground which he has made specially his own, the reigns of the Angevin Kings:—

The reign of Henry II. initiates the rule of law. The administrative machinery which had been regulated by routine under Henry I., is now made a part of the constitution, enunciated in laws, and perfected by a steady series of reforms. The mind of Henry II. was that of a lawyer and man of business. He set to work from the very beginning of the reign to place order on a permanent basis, and recurring to the men and measures of his grandfather, to complete an organization which should make a return to feudalism impossible.

The administrative reforms of Henry, especially the development of the Jury system, are treated of at some length. Then, in the days of Richard, not indeed through the act of Richard himself, but through his great minister Archbishop Hubert, we get an important development of the elective principle, and large grants—or sales—of charters to boroughs:—

The steps taken in the direction of freedom and security under these administrators were doubtless of importance in themselves. They were an

extension of the rule of law into regions where the rule of force had been far too general. But it must not be thought that they were a pure concession to the desire of freedom and good government. Henry II. and Hubert Walter recognised the fact, which Henry I. had seen before them, that a people able to count on personal and commercial safety is much more profitable to the Exchequer than one over-taxed and unconstitutionally oppressed. The reign of Richard is not only a period of reform in law, but of unparalleled exactions in money. The various plans of taxation adopted by the earlier kings are all resuscitated and amplified. The scutage of Henry II. is applied to the raising of funds for the king's ransom, and increased in amount. The carucage of Richard is but the Danegeld under a new name, and of larger and more profitable assessment. The feudal dues are all exacted; the wool of the Cistercians is seized; the plate of the churches is borrowed; the moveables as well as the land are rated. These plans are maintained after the original call for them has been answered. Nor is the opposition to this systematic oppression so marked as might be expected. There are murmurs against the justiciar; the regular clergy are compelled by virtual outlawry to pay the carucage; the mob of London rises against the burghers, because of the unfairness of the assessment, but the only formal resistance to the king in the national council proceeds from Saint Hugh of Lincoln and Bishop Herbert of Salisbury, who refuse to consent to grant him an aid in knights and money for his foreign warfare. This, which is done not on ecclesiastical but on constitutional grounds, is an act which stands out prominently by the side of Saint Thomas's protest against Henry's proposal to appropriate the sheriffs' share of Danegeld.

We are now landed in the great creative and destructive age of European history. Mr. Stubbs goes through all the changes of the great days of Stephen Langton and Simon of Montfort, and pays a noble tribute to King Edward:—

The long struggle for the constitution for existence ends with the reign of Edward I. This great monarch, whose commanding spirit, defining and organizing power, and thorough honesty of character, place him in strong contrast, not merely with his father, but with all the rest of our long line of kings, was not likely to surrender without a struggle the position which he had inherited. For more than twenty years he reigned as Henry II. had done, showing proper respect for constitutional forms, but exercising the reality of despotic power. He loved his people, and therefore did not oppress them: they knew and loved him, and endured the pressure of taxation, which would not have been imposed if it had not been necessary. He admits them to a share, a large share, in the process of government: he develops and defines the constitution in its mechanical character in a way which Simon de Montfort had never contemplated. The organization of parliament, of convocation, of the courts of law, of provincial jurisdiction, is elaborated and completed until it seems to be as perfect as it is at the present day; and the legislation is so full that the laws of the next three centuries are little more than a necessary expansion of it. But until he is compelled by the action of the barons, he retains the substance of royal power; the right to the pursestrings, the right to talliage the towns and the demesnes of the crown without a grant. Edward I. would not have been nearly so great a king as he was if he had not thought this right worth a struggle; nor if, when that struggle was going against him, he had not seen that it was time to yield; nor if, when he had yielded, he had not determined honestly to abide by his concessions. The political party that forced him to the concession was not to be compared with the earlier combinations of the century. Bohun and Bigod had doubtless personal claims at heart, and not political ones; but they took advantage of a state of things which Edward saw could not be resisted. The confirmation of the Charters completes the present survey of political history.

After this Introductory Sketch we come to the documents themselves. Starting from the first notices of our fathers by Cæsar and Tacitus, we get abundant specimens of the Old-English laws, of Domesday, especially the accounts of the customs of towns and shires, the Charters of Henry the First and Stephen, the Constitutions of Clarendon and the other great legal documents of Henry the Second, and so on with all the most important documents down to the reign of Edward the First. Then we get the *Modus Tenendi Parliamentum*, spurious enough as an account of doings in the days of Æthelred, but genuine as a picture of Parliamentary proceedings in the fourteenth century. Lastly, by a leap of some centuries, come the Petition of Right and the Bill of Rights. But, wide as the leap is, these Acts are quite in their place. In a land governed by precedent like ours, it is no small matter to show that the latest documents are links in the same great chain with the earliest.

Besides the general Introductory Sketch from which we have already quoted, each document or set of extracts has a little preface of its own, which sometimes, like that which ushers in the documents and extracts of the reign of Henry the Third, swell into such vivid sketches as Mr. Stubbs knows how to draw. Take his picture of Henry the Third himself, a picture worthy to stand by the more elaborate pictures in his greater works:—

Henry himself was anything but a great man. Although free from some of the most glaring faults of his family, he was vain and mean, foolish and false. Yet the brilliancy of the time shed some little glory upon him. He filled in Europe a position created for him perhaps by the labours of his grandfather and uncle, brought into prominence by the failure and fall of Frederick II., and made influential by his close connexion with the other sovereigns of Christendom; but out of all proportion to his ability. He was magnificent, liberal, a patron of art, and a benefactor of foreigners. His reputation for wealth laid him open to the extortions of all the needy in Europe; his patronage of them left him poor; and his poverty brought out his meanness and deceit at home. He seems, like his father, to have had a facility for incurring deadly personal enmity. He had not the energy, impulsiveness, and general cleverness of John, and was quite as unready. In an age of great ministers such a monarch would have been even more insignificant in his own country than Henry actually was. But after he took the administration into his own hands he had no great minister; all the able statesmanship was on the side of the opposition.

Lastly, the book has an admirable Glossary, but, alas, it has no Index.

Mr. Stubbs's book, in short, is one which, when we have got it, we wonder how we could have got on so long without. Never did we see such a mass of historical information, of exactly the kind which the historical student wants, packed together in so convenient a form. Is it too much to hope that the Professor

may make something out of a hint which he throws out in his preface and give us "a comparative Constitutional History of Europe," on any scale he chooses, great or small?

THE RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM.*

WE fail to see either the necessity or the value of the short and sketchy introduction contributed by the Dean of Westminster to the record of what has been done by the energy and perseverance of Captains Wilson and Warren among the ruins of Jerusalem. Why should not the recital of their manly, modest, and conscientious labours be trusted to find its own way to the intelligence and the heart of the public without the intervention of any such preliminary puff? If it is on the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund that we have to lay, in the first instance, the blame of originating what has, to say the least, so strong a savour of bad taste, we have still to express our surprise that Dean Stanley, having so little to say in furtherance of the request, should have proceeded to say it. What he does say looks uncommonly like claiming the lion's share of the pride and prestige of discovery. The gratitude he expresses, and the terms of eulogy he uses towards these stanch and skilful explorers, takes far too much the form of a pean over the many triumphs which have attended surmises or anticipations of his own. Of the critical value really belonging to his summary of results, our readers may to some extent judge for themselves from a reference to what forms beyond dispute the central and cardinal point in the restoration of Jerusalem, the topography of the Temple Mount. Upon the vexed question of laying out the Haram Area, Dean Stanley delivers himself in the following terms:—

The course of the ancient walls, on which hangs the much disputed question of the possible authenticity of the Holy Sepulchre, still remains unsolved; or rather so much additional progress has been made towards its solution, that as far as the excavations have as yet gone, they disprove, rather than confirm, the alleged proof that the walls excluded the site from their compass, and therefore admitted of its genuineness.

If we are at all happy in our attempts at untwisting this tortuous specimen of Dean's English, it is to be taken as giving in to the notable idea of the actual Sepulchre having been situated within the Haram bounds—its site, in fact, being identified with that of the existing Dome of the Rock. This is the preposterous theory which it is the special pride of Mr. Fergusson to have originated. Let us for a moment consider what it amounts to. The extreme length of the Haram Area from north to south is something under 1,600 feet, nothing like twice the extent of the Palace of Westminster, little more than two and a half times that of Trafalgar Square. As nearly as possible midway stands the Dome of the Rock, covering the mysterious cavity which we are to believe is the actual Sepulchre of our Lord. Now 600 feet is the narrowest limit assigned, on any hypothesis, to the area of the Temple, with its courts and precincts. It follows that the Sepulchre must have been distant less than 200 feet from the northern wall of the Temple. Not much beyond a stone's throw from the Holy of Holies itself, in the very heart of the busiest and most sacred portion of the city, we are to imagine "the place Golgotha," where malefactors were publicly put to death, for it was "in the place where He was crucified" that there was the garden with the tomb in it newly made by Joseph. The absurdities of the case crowd upon us so that we have neither space nor patience to look them in the face. Without sticking unduly for the textual precision of the Gospel narrative, there lies at the root of the matter the general statutory prohibition of executions within the city—a topic which in the most august of instances is made the ground of typical or prophetic illustration (Hebr. xiii. 12). The error appears to have arisen from taking the "Templum Domini" of Dr. Tobler's early anonymous fragment to be the Temple or Church of Our Lord, instead of the Temple of the Lord built by Solomon, as in contrast with "Templum Salomonis," the palace of Solomon. Among other authorities quoted by Captain Warren this is made abundantly clear by the testimony of Bishop Sæwulf (A.D. 1102), the narratives of pilgrims in A.D. 1157 and 1187, cited by Count de Vogüé, those of William of Tyre and Benjamin of Tudela. As for anything in the way of recent investigation on the spot tending to "disparage rather than confirm" the exclusion of the actual Sepulchre from the compass of the walls, as Dean Stanley periphrastically puts it, we need hardly say that not the faintest evidence will be found in the transactions reported from the spot by Captain Warren which, to use the Dean's phraseology, "admits of" such a supposition. The very contrary is indeed strongly urged by that officer as the result of his latest investigations.

We have in truth to deplore the want of any thorough and systematic exploration below the surface of the Haram Area, the jealousy or prejudice of the authorities having from the first closed the surface of Mount Moriah to the pick and spade of our surveying officers. The superficial aspect and contour of the plateau has been, however, minutely and accurately laid down in the map of the Ordnance Survey, and will be clearly understood by the aid of the excellent plan given in the present volume. How far the existing buildings or sites have any connexion with those of the ancient city must remain uncertain until the ground can be thoroughly

broken, and such evidences laid bare as the subterranean structures may show. The Noble Sanctuary in particular, owing to its pre-eminent sacredness in the eyes of Moslems, has been lately by special firman from the Sultan guarded against intrusion, barring all further progress in this direction. We must in consequence be left in suspense between the two theories—one of which makes the Sanctuary co-extensive with the Temple Area of old, the other confining the Temple to the square of 600 feet at the south-west corner where now stand the mosque El Aksa and remains of the Templars' house. On one point all are agreed, that the magnificent temple cloister, the Stoa Basilica, built by Herod, stood on the top of the southern wall. Captain Wilson dwells with justice upon the grandeur of effect which must have been produced by a building, larger and higher than York Cathedral, towering with the brilliant whiteness of its fresh masonry above a massive substructure almost equal in height to the tallest of our church spires. The grand vaults at the south-east angle, known as Solomon's Stables, are, in their present state at least, as our author shows, a reconstruction; one of the piers being formed of an old lintel, and others of weather-worn stones taken from the walls; a further proof being the imperfect manner in which the vaulting joins in with the masses of rubble masonry. It was near the south-west corner that Captain Wilson's researches were rewarded by the discovery of the fine arch which bears his name. This arch is built with stones of great size, without mortar, having a span of forty-two feet. Its age is probably the same as that of the Sanctuary Wall and the Wailing Place. Instead of connecting the Sanctuary with a causeway across the Tyropoeon Valley, as at first suspected, Captain Warren's recent excavations have since shown that there was a series of arches, forming a viaduct towards Herod's Palace on the Western Hill. One of the most noteworthy results already brought to light is the splendid series of cisterns and water-passages with which the whole of the hill was honeycombed. In no city of antiquity was the water supply and drainage so systematically and extensively organized as in Jerusalem. Every step that our enterprising explorers push under or above ground throws additional and wonderful working light upon this feature of the engineering of the Holy City, which was as studiously cared for as its military strength, and in which as consummate heed was taken of the natural advantages of the site. The details of the water supply form one of the most graphic and instructive portions of the *Recovery of Jerusalem*. These researches have finally placed beyond doubt the purely imaginary nature of the system of drainage given by De Vogüé in his *Temple of Jerusalem*, on the authority of M. Pierotti. Of the series of fignments foisted upon the public in Pierotti's work Captain Wilson is right in saying that it is impossible to speak too strongly. Not only has that writer involved the fine volume of De Vogüé in unmerited suspicion with critical readers, while by its means misleading many persons of inferior powers of judgment, but he has done much to throw a shadow of doubt and mistrust over the reports of explorers at large in this important field. For a really sober and accurate summary of the positive gains made in this quarter to the topography of Jerusalem we cannot do better than point to Captain Wilson's opening chapter.

The excitement caused by the discovery of masonic marks of an early Semitic character in the lower courses of the south-east angle of the Sanctuary Wall will be fresh in the minds of our readers. The résumé of that curious incident in the present record will be aided by the woodcut which gives an ideal section of the ground, while graphically illustrating the risks and difficulties with which our explorers had to contend. To sink and keep open a shaft of 80 feet in perpendicular depth, through loose débris necessitating the use of mining-frames which had to a great extent to be imported, owing to the scarcity of wood upon the spot, the crumbling soil and dislodged stones threatening at any moment death to the enterprising party—such were the conditions under which Captain Warren and his indefatigable aid, Sergeant Birtles, dug their way to the secrets of the buried city. Once out of sight they could with less fear of prying eyes and jealous or superstitious interloping push their galleries to right and left, and follow up this or that water channel or drainage outlet. The whole extent of the south and east walls of the Noble Sanctuary has thus been surveyed and measured; one table giving the superficial dimensions of each stone in a course. At the south-east angle the corner-stone, though by no means the largest, is estimated to weigh over one hundred tons. The masonry both of the walls and arches is of solid and noble character, roughly faced in the main and frequently bevelled, set as a rule with much skill and precision, though in some places disjointed and defective in level. Here and there the stones displayed the appearance of having been cracked by great heat, possibly a memento of the final siege. These excavations, carried now almost completely along the four sides of the Mount, have set decisive limits to the extent of the walls in each direction. Captain Warren's latest operations towards the south seem to justify him in recognising the site of Solomon's Palace in the Ophel, a lower mount below Moriah, which King Manasseh "compassed about and raised up to a very great height," after Jotham had also "built much upon the wall." This wall, recently laid bare, is even now 70 feet in height, having conjoined with it a great tower of drafted stones, perhaps that "which lieth out." When driven away from the Sanctuary, in March 1867, upwards of 50 shafts were sunk by Captain Warren here, the results of which are set out in a clearly drawn plan, showing the levels at each slope of the ground and the general disposition of the site. A curious cavern of two

* *The Recovery of Jerusalem: a Narrative of Exploration and Discovery in the City and the Holy Land.* By Capt. Wilson, R.E., Capt. Warren, R.E., &c. &c. With an Introduction by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Edited by Walter Morrison, M.P., Hon. Treasurer to the Palestine Exploration Fund. London: Richard Bentley. 1871.

chambers was laid open below the Triple Gate south of the palace area, round which are shallow vats or mangers cut in the rock. Being 11 feet above the original floor, these troughs, Captain Warren infers, indicate that the cavern, if used of late as a stable, was more likely, in the first instance, a fuller's shop of the sort still common in the East. The slight architectural remains found hereabouts, in particular a slab bearing a cross moulded in the plaster material, together with some fragments of early Christian pottery, lamps, and bottles of glass, may be taken to indicate some attempts at reconstruction, possibly as late as the time of the Crusades. On the whole we are not encouraged to hope for many more results of value from excavation in this quarter towards the restoration of the city.

We have not much to say for the arrangement of a volume of which two-fifths are made up of appendices, and in which the introduction, the opening chapter, and much of the body of the work take us thrice over the self-same ground. Nor is it made clear in all cases to whose authorship the several portions which make up the book are to be ascribed. We can but presume that for the paper on the Moabite Stone, substituted for one which ill health unfortunately prevented Mr. Deutsch from contributing, we are indebted to the Treasurer, Mr. Morrison, on whom the editorial care of the volume was thrown by the pressure of other labours upon the secretariat staff. We are glad to get a correct history of the discovery of this celebrated stone, together with the opportunity of seeing side by side the version of Professor Schlottmann and that of M. Ganneau transmitted through the Count de Vogüé. The discrepancies manifested here, together with the difficulty found in filling up the lacunæ, impress us more and more with the force of Mr. Deutsch's remark, that not until the last scrap of material is recovered, and the whole put together in the most complete form possible, can the final investigation of its meaning be satisfactorily attempted.

Mr. F. W. Holland's *Explorations in the Peninsula of Sinai* form a worthy close to a volume which, however disjointed and desultory in parts, forms one of the best monuments of our countrymen's energy and skill in scholarly and scientific exploration. It will be difficult in future to identify any other peak than Jebel Mûsa as the true Sinai, or to cry up the Israelitish origin of the famous inscriptions, though little has been gained towards laying down the precise track of the tribes across the Red Sea. Lieutenant Anderson's surveys of the Sea of Galilee and of Palestine at large, elucidated by his own and Captain Wilson's careful topographical studies, have done a great deal to settle and define our knowledge of the historical sites, as well as that of the physical geography of the country. Mr. Phéné Spiers and the Rev. Greville J. Chester further deserve our thanks for their respective contributions on the architectural remains of the Holy Land, and the works in pottery and glass which have been brought to light by the agency of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

CUNNINGHAM'S ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY OF INDIA.*

A SUPERFICIAL comparison of a map of India with the names as given by the Greek Alexandrine or post-Alexandrine geographers, with a map giving the names as written by the Chinese pilgrim Hwen-Thsang, would leave the impression that they had little in common beyond the form of the country and the directions of the rivers and mountain ranges. A comparison of both these maps with another giving the spelling of the names as still used by the natives would soon show in many instances how readily the true form would assume the shapes which they bear in the pages of Appian or Arrian and in the travels of the Chinese wanderer; but it is only by an extended and patient examination that the student of Indian geography would begin to see the extent to which this process of identification may be carried. It is of course possible that some of these names may be snares for the unwary, and the geographer may have to move as among pitfalls. But there are others of which we can have no reasonable doubt; and the chief need is that the inquirer should have the power of distinguishing between conclusions which are practically certain and others which are either probabilities or mere guesses. This indispensable quality has imparted a very high value to the labours of General Cunningham in a field which must severely tax the working powers of the geographer. The result is a volume which may leave some points still open to discussion, but which in the judgment of impartial thinkers will be found to have settled definitively many more—a work which geographers and historians will alike gratefully accept as an important and successful attempt to solve some of the most difficult questions connected with the geography of the East.

In this survey General Cunningham confines himself to the Buddhist period, which, beginning with the era of Buddha, extends to the conquests of Mahmud of Ghazni, and which he calls the Ancient Geography of India, as distinguished from the geography of the Vedic and Brahmanical ages, which we should have thought deserved not less to be spoken of as ancient, and from the more modern period which begins with the rise of the Muhammadan power, and extends to the battle of Plassey. Whether he purposes to treat this latter period in a subsequent volume, we are not distinctly told; but the ability with which he

has examined the earlier phases of Indian geography justifies the hope that he will grapple not less successfully with the intricacies and difficulties of Indian history in the period which followed the invasions of Timour.

For the earlier time which he has chosen as the subject of his present inquiry he has the valuable guidance of the geographers who accompanied or came after Alexander, and the still more valuable guidance of the indefatigable Buddhist pilgrim, who, setting out from China, traversed in the space of fourteen years almost every part of the vast Indian peninsula. Following the divisions adopted by the Chinese traveller, General Cunningham arranges his work under the five heads of Northern, Western, Central, Eastern, and Southern India; and it must be admitted that the distances given by Hwen-Thsang of themselves settle many points which we cannot determine from the statements of Greek geographers, while a further examination of the Greek and the Chinese maps shows that not even those which seem most ludicrously to depart from the real shape of the country are so worthless as at first sight we may take them to be. This distortion is carried to its extreme limits in the map of Ptolemy, in which the acute angle formed at Cape Comorin by the eastern and western coasts of the peninsula is changed into a single coast-line which runs almost straight from the mouth of the Indus to the mouth of the Ganges. Undoubtedly the geography of the Mahabharata, which represents India as a huge triangle with Cape Comorin for its apex and the Himalayan range for its base, is far nearer the truth than the geography of Ptolemy; but the error which led Ptolemy to flatten the coast-line points to a substantial agreement between his measurements and those of other Greek geographers, and justifies the large amount of trust which may not unreasonably be placed in their distances. In General Cunningham's words, the cause of Ptolemy's mistake is "partly due to the erroneous value of 500, instead of 600, Olympic stadia, which [he] assigned to an equatorial degree, partly to an over-estimate in converting road-distance into map-measurement, but chiefly to the excess which he allowed for the distances of land journeys over those of sea voyages." This unequal estimate of these respective distances tended to throw all places determined by land measurement far to the East, and in the end vitiated all his Eastern geography. But the general accuracy of the Greek distances may be inferred by the fact that the measurement from the banks of the Indus to Patna in our military route-books differs only by six miles from that which has been given by Strabo on the authority of Megasthenes.

To the investigation of this geography General Cunningham has brought, not merely a knowledge of ancient records, but the experience of a traveller who, during a sojourn of many years, has lost no opportunities of personal research "throughout the length and breadth of Northern India, from Peshawar and Multan near the Indus to Rangoon and Prome on the Irawady, and from Kashmir and Ladāk to the mouth of the Indus and the banks of the Nerbada." The results of this experience are seen in the certainty or probability with which, as he thinks, he has been enabled to fix some of the most important sites in the geography of India; and the strength of the evidence for his probable conclusions would, at least in some instances, have led a less cautious explorer to give an unqualified decision.

This moderation is especially seen in his account of the rock and fortress of Aornos, which he identifies with the rock-fort of Rani-gat, in opposition to General Court and Mr. Loewenthal, who find it in Raja Hodi's fort opposite Attak, and to General James Abbott, who places it at Mahāban. Against the latter opinion General Cunningham urges, we think with great force, that while Arrian speaks of Aornos as a precipitous rock with a single difficult pathway hewn out by manual labour, Mahāban is "a vast mountain of comparatively easy access, and of which no spur presents a very steep face towards the Indus"; that the latter hill is not less than 50 miles in circuit, while Arrian gives the circuit of Aornos as 22 miles, and Diodorus as 11 miles. To the argument of Mr. Loewenthal that the name Aornos represents the name Banāras given to Raja Hodi's fort, General Cunningham replies that it proves too much, "as the final letter of Aornos is almost certainly the Greek termination, which need not therefore have formed part of the original native name," and that the mere circumstance is suspicious that the transcription of the native name should form a pure Greek word. In his opinion Aornos is only a natural alteration of Ὀβάρνος or Varnos, the name being thus referred to Raja Vara, whose name is still attached to the ruined strongholds between Hashnagar and Ohind. Arrian, again, states that the people of Bazira—or, as General Cunningham writes it, Bazaria—fled to Aornos, which was thus beyond Bazira in the march of the Macedonian soldiers, while from the subsequent narrative it is clear that Embolima was beyond Aornos, and on the Indus; and thus General Cunningham identifies the three spots Bazira, Aornos, and Embolima with Bāzār, Rani-gat, and Ohind. This identification of Bazira with the Bāzār or Market is further borne out by its neighbourhood to Mount Dantalok, in which General Cunningham sees the Daidalian hills of the Greeks, the nasal of the word *danta*, for example, being assimilated with the following letter in modern dialects, as well as in the old Pali, so that we have *dallon* as the word for a "tooth-brush," and "hence the Greek Daidalos is a very fair rendering of the Pali Dattalok."

The difficulty in the way of identifying Aornos with Rani-gat lies chiefly in the height of the latter, which Mr. Loewenthal and General Cunningham agree in giving as about a thousand feet

* *The Ancient Geography of India*. I. The Buddhist Period, including the Campaigns of Alexander, and the Travels of Hwen-Thsang. By Alexander Cunningham, Major-General, Royal Engineers (Bengal Retired). London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

above the plain, whereas Arrian makes it eleven stadia, and Diodorus sixteen stadia, or more than 9,000 feet. To meet this difficulty, General Cunningham suggests that the original authority of Diodorus may have quadrupled or trebled the true measurement, while that of Arrian only trebled or doubled it. It is at the least certain that the Aornos of Arrian, which has on its summit a large platform of arable land, cannot be the mountain of Diodorus, which, with a base diameter of 19,200 feet, would have a slope of exactly 45°, and would end in a mere point. With great patience and clearness General Cunningham goes through the evidence on which Aornos has been identified by other geographers with the ruined city of Takht-i-Bahai, with the isolated hill of Karamâr, and with the hill of Panjpir, his conclusion being that Rani-gat alone answers in every feature to the descriptions of the Greek geographers, except in its size. The great height, the precipitous sides, the ravine separating the outer works from the castle, the spring of water and level summit, are all there; and there is much force in the further remark that the siege of Aornos was carried on during the very depth of winter, when the Mahâban hill, 7,471 feet above the sea, is usually covered with snow. It is clear then that the eleven stadia of height assigned to Aornos by Arrian must be a gross exaggeration, as no snow is said to have fallen on that fortress, in a country where snow falls annually as low as 4,000 feet above the sea; and, lastly, the name Mahâban has no resemblance to Aornos, whereas the traditions of Raja Vara associated with Rani-gat seem to connect Aornos with his name.

With greater confidence General Cunningham places the conflict between Alexander's troops and those of Porus on the field which in our own day has witnessed the fight of Chilianwallah. Accordingly he holds that Alexander's camp before the battle was at Jalâlpur, and not as Mr. Grote, following Burns and Abbott, would have it, at Jhelam—the conclusive reason against the latter opinion being that the battle-field is described as being within sight of the camp, as Nikaia or Mong undoubtedly is from Jalâlpur; whereas the village of Pabral, selected by General Abbott as the scene of the struggle, is fourteen miles from Jhelam, and therefore quite out of sight from Alexander's camp. Not less interesting is the section in which the Sangala of Alexander, the Sâkala of the Brahmans and the Sâgal of the Buddhists, is identified through the statements of the Chinese traveller, Hwen-Thsang, with the present *Sangla-wala-Tiba*, or Sangala Hill.

Enough has been said to show the value and importance of this contribution towards a knowledge of the ancient geography of India. A little care might well have been taken with some of the maps, which contradict each other. Thus, in the map which illustrates the battle with Porus, Boukephalia is identified with Jalâlpur on the western bank of the Hydaspes, Nikaia or Mong being due east of Boukephalia on the eastern bank. But in the map of Alexander's campaign in the Panjab, Boukephalia is placed as nearly as possible due north of Nikaia, while between Boukephalia and Jalâlpur intervenes a space of scarcely less than ten miles. It is also perhaps unfortunate that in almost every new book on the history, geography, or theology of India we are confronted with a new way of spelling the names, the change being sometimes so great that it is not easy to recognise old friends in their new dress. It would be well if the forms could now be fixed by the agreement of our best Oriental scholars; but this good work is needed not less for Greek names than for those of Hindustan.

JESSE'S LONDON.*

IT has for ages been admitted that, under certain circumstances, two negatives make a very decent sort of affirmative, but the conditions are as yet unascertained by which a brace of indifferent books can be made to represent a single good one. At any rate the process had not been discovered by Mr. J. Heneage Jesse when he undertook the task of fusing into one homogeneous and harmonious whole his *Literary and Historical Memorials of London* (1847) and his *London and its Celebrities* (1850). It will be observed that Mr. Jesse's title-page, which we have transcribed below, affords no hint to a purchaser that he has in fact laid out his guinea and a half on two old works which he might have obtained in their original shape for a third of the money; and his right to complain will be still greater if he has been led into the outlay by the oft-repeated advertisement which describes this *réchauffé* as *London: its Celebrated Characters and Places from 1413 to 1869*. As for this latter date, let the reader judge. Throughout Mr. Jesse's one thousand three hundred and forty-three pages we fail to find any hint that the bridge of Labeyle has ceased to span the Thames at Westminster; that Robert Mylne's picturesque arches at Blackfriars have made way for successors; that a hideous and putrescent foreshore of slime and dead dogs no longer fringes the Thames between these two great works; that a gigantic Meat Market, admirable in its arrangements, and most effective in its appearance, has taken the place of the rotten old wooden pens which filled us with disgust in Smithfield; that Westminster Hall is no longer, in these days of colossal railway stations, "with one exception, the largest apartment unsupported by pillars in the world"; that St. Thomas's Hospital has ceased to fester in gloomy Southwark; that the Danish Church in Wellclose Square has been demolished, and that St. Bartho-

lomew's the Great has had anything done to it in the way of cleansing and preservation. But if we are thus puzzled with the date of 1869, what shall we say to the other limit of 1413? It must surely have been before that time, if ever, that the "affrighted Romans, at the approach of the enraged Boadicea," threw their coins and utensils into Fleet Ditch; that the eminent "sculptor, chemist, painter, and musician," St. Dunstan, took the devil by the nose; and that the sound Catholic Saladin entered upon his own particular "crusade." We confess, however, to be so bewildered by some of Mr. Jesse's dates that we may probably be wrong ourselves on a few of these points. For instance, if it be true, as we are told at vol. ii. p. 106, that King James I. of Scotland, born in 1394, was the son of King Robert Bruce, who is generally supposed to have died in 1329, he may also be right in asserting (vol. i. p. 363) that the Queen of Bohemia, born in 1596, was "sister to Charles II." But as Charles I. was only once married, it is plain that Henrietta Maria must have been what Mr. Dickens would have called the mutual mother of the Queen of Hearts and the Merry Monarch, and have come into the world thirteen years after her own daughter. There are other statements of dates which militate greatly against received notions. If the Lord Keeper Bacon (vol. iii. p. 353) died in 1597, when his illustrious son Francis was at the mature age of thirty-six, surely Mr. Hepworth Dixon would have pointed out that Lord Macaulay had been colouring as usual when he described the young man's prospects as being overclouded by that event. Mr. Jesse also twice tells us (vol. iii. p. 87 and p. 370) that "the great lawyer Sir Edward Coke" married the sister of the great Lord Burghley. Now this marriage is memorable for many reasons, but principally because Francis Bacon was himself a suitor for the lady's hand. How comes it then that none of the biographers have referred to the circumstance of his wishing to marry the great Burghley's sister, who was in a manner his own aunt? Simply, we suppose, because the lady was in fact no sister of the Treasurer's, but the daughter of his eldest son. In the same way Philip Massinger is represented (vol. iii. p. 436) as dying in the reign of William III., when he must have been 105 years old. How happens it that this illustrious instance of longevity has escaped both Sir G. C. Lewis and Mr. Dilke, and even the perennial scrutiny of the indefatigable *Notes and Queries*?

Before we quit the subject of Mr. Jesse and his dates, we must give a short extract in which he gravely informs us that

So late as the year 1783 the Duke of Newcastle lived in Clerkenwell Close, the Earl of Bridgewater in the Barbican, the Earl of Thanet in Aldersgate Street, and Lord Grey of Werke in Charterhouse Close. The Dukes of Norfolk and Beaufort and the Earls of Bedford and Salisbury still retained the houses of their forefathers in the Strand; the Marquis of Winchester and the Earls of Cardigan and Powis resided in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Earls of Clare, Anglesea, and Craven in Drury Lane.—Vol. i. p. 79.

This remarkable information, for which Mr. Jesse, repeating the date, gives the authority of Chamberlayne's *Anglic Notitia* for 1783, may have been perfectly true some century and a half earlier, but is grotesquely erroneous when asserted of a period at which Mr. Pitt was Prime Minister of England. Yet, ridiculous though it be, it has succeeded in exciting the admiration of an ingenious reviewer in the *Times*, who calls upon his readers to remark how recent was the date at which the chief nobles of England resided in "streets the names of which ring strangely in fashionable ears." It will be as well therefore to point out a few of the curious "facts" which Mr. Jesse and the *Times* try to make us believe. 1. That the last Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who died in 1676, was living 107 years afterwards in his house in Clerkenwell Close. 2. That when the third and last Duke of Bridgewater was absorbed in his great schemes, or giving his solitary ball in the pleasant Cleveland House, which had been the residence of at least two of his predecessors, there was still an Earl of the same name who persisted in holding out in the romantic solitude of the Barbican. 3. That Sackville Tufton, eighth Earl of Thanet, stuck in the same way to Shaftesbury House, the residence of his ancestors, in Aldersgate Street, although in doing so he must have submitted to the dubious gratification of sleeping in a ward of a Lying-in Hospital. 4. That although the last Lord Grey of Werke died in 1706, his shade for at least seventy-seven years afterwards continued to receive visitors in Charterhouse Close. 5. That all previous writers on London have been in error in supposing that Norfolk Street and Howard Street, and Surrey Street and Arundel Street, had in the end of the preceding century been erected on the site of the Duke of Norfolk's palace and gardens. And that William Penn and Downright Shippen, and Congreve, and Tommy Birch (the "dead hand at a life"), and Spranger Barry, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Peter the Great, and Sir Roger de Coverley, instead of living in separate houses or lodgings of their own, were all guests of the noble family of Howard, who must have maintained a more than princely table. We will not tire our readers by giving them, as we might easily, similar *reductions in absurdum* in the cases of the other noble families whose clinging to their ancient residences in the face of such difficulties has so delighted the child-like simplicity of the critic of the first journal in Europe.

But if we leave Mr. Jesse's dates, and turn to his facts, we find him guilty of errors both of omission and commission which the slightest pains would have enabled him to avoid. Commencing with Piccadilly, he repeats the assertion, so often refuted, as to the place being mentioned under that name as early as 1596 in Gerard's *Herbal*. Has Mr. Jesse even seen the book? The

* *London: its Celebrated Characters and Remarkable Places.* By J. Heneage Jesse. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1871.

passage to which he refers regarding the "small wild buglosse or ox-tongue" growing upon the "banks of the dry-ditches about Pickadilla," is found for the first time in the edition of 1633; the difference being all-important, as in the interval the article of dress which gave its name to the gambling-house had been mentioned in scores of old plays. In the same way he deduces *The Bell Savage* from *La Belle Sauvage*, although he ought to have been aware of the existence of a deed, dated "London, February 5, 1453," in which this famous old tavern is spoken of as "totum ten. sive hospicium cum suis pertin. vocat. Savages ynné, alias vocat. le Belle on the hope" (i.e. hoop); the name being thus explained in a very unromantic fashion. While on the subject of authorities, we wish Mr. Jesse would tell us, for the benefit of Mr. Elwin, where he ascertained that Pope resided in Berkeley Street, Piccadilly, and most likely as early as 1716. Our own belief is that he never resided there at all, but that a lease of the house, No. 9, was purchased with his money and in his name, in June 1737, and at once made over in free gift to his grasping enslaver, Martha Blount. There is a letter extant in which George Arbuthnot, son of the Doctor, and Pope's legal adviser and agent, describes the anger of the poet's relations when they discovered the transaction; and nothing can be more certain than that the "fair-haired Martha" lived here till the day of her death in 1763, and that she is described in her will, dated December 13, 1762, as "of Berkeley Row, spinster." Mr. Jesse, however, boldly asserts that the "house passed from the poet [who died in 1744] into the hands of General Bulkeley, who died about 1815." The house is the last to the north, as Francatelli's Hotel is the last to the south, in this well-known street, and has probably been little altered since the time when Horace Walpole saw her crossing over the way, "with her petticoats pinned up, for it rained, and nothing remaining of her immortal charms but her blue eyes," "to visit blameless Bethel, who was sick at the end of the street." This street was Arlington Street, one of the most interesting localities in London, but of which, as usual, Mr. Jesse tells many circumstances of small importance and dubious authenticity, and omits others that everybody would like to hear. He has, for instance, strangely overlooked Roger North's description of his famous brother, Sir Dudley, clambering among the "high houses" which were being erected on this spot, and "were scarce covered in before all the windows were wry-mouthed, the fascias turned SS, and divers stacks of chimneys sunk right down, drawing roof and floors with them." And instead of vague generalities about Horace Walpole's residence here, why does he not give his own convenient summary:—"I was born in Arlington Street, lived there about fourteen years, returned thither, and passed thirty-seven more"? But this passage occurs in one of the letters to Mason, which were not published when Mr. Jesse's first books were written, and it is for a similar reason, we presume, that Thackeray and Havelock are not noticed among the eminent scholars of the Charterhouse, that under Snow Hill there is no reference to Shelley and Godwin, and that the name of Charles Dickens finds no record among the "celebrities" of Doughty Street.

If the *Times* Reviewer of this muddled-up book is innocent, so sometimes is Mr. Jesse. Sir William Davenant, as is well known, had lost what is usually the most prominent feature in the human face divine, and Mr. Jesse, quoting Suckling, says that it was owing to

A foolish mischance
That he had got lately travelling in France.

To which he adds, with exquisite naïveté, that Suckling was altogether wrong in his topography, as Anthony Wood, "a more curious researcher," says that the loss took place in Axe Yard, Westminster. Has Mr. Jesse never heard of *Morbus Gallicus*, or forgotten Ancient Pistol's pathetic statement, "News have I that my Nell is dead i' the 'spital of malady of France"? We believe that a very amusing passage of arms took place between Mr. Collier and the Rev. Alexander Dyce on a similar misunderstanding.

Credulity and illogicality are the unfaithful companions of this kind of simplicity. We were therefore not surprised to find Mr. Jesse a firm believer in the story of Canute having diverted the course of the Thames in order to get his ships above London Bridge—a feat which is about as rational as the request to the gods to annihilate both time and space in order to make Mr. Brown and Miss Robinson happy. According to Mr. Jesse, however, the truth of the legend is fully proved by the circumstance of "fascines of hazel and other brushwood, fastened down with stakes, being discovered in digging the dockhead at Redriff in 1794," and of "large oaken planks and numbers of piles" being met with in "other parts of its course"; the fact being that the whole locality was a marsh, and that every construction within its limits required to be strengthened with piles and brushwood. To the same peculiar turn of mind we must impute the assertion that the danger of shooting old London Bridge is established by the fact of two deliberate suicides—men with stones in their pockets in both instances—having taken place from boats passing safely through it; and that the alleged early date of the foundation of St. Helen's Church derives probability from the circumstance of the "very name of the Saint to whom it is dedicated carrying us into far antiquity."

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF BARHAM.*

THESE volumes, we are told in the preface to them, are an enlarged and revised edition of a memoir prefixed to the third series of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, published originally in 1847. The additions, besides a more particular account of the life of Richard Harris Barham, consist of extracts from his journals, of letters, and of hitherto unpublished poems. His son, in thus reviving the memory of a father, has discharged a pious duty, and the surviving friends of "Thomas Ingoldsby" will doubtless take interest in his biographical record. But beyond a narrow circle we doubt whether it will be much cared for. The "several unpublished poems" add little to their author's reputation; many of the anecdotes taken from the Journal are old acquaintances; and, however welcome to the receivers of them the Letters may have been at the moment, they are scarcely important enough for the public eye.

We were told in the earlier memoir of Mr. Barham that "literary reputation was not an object of his ambition," that "writing was to him an amusement, the more agreeable if it chanced to conduce to that of others." Long he wrote "anonymously or pseudonymously," and accordingly showed that he had "no inordinate craving after fame." In his main object Mr. Barham was certainly successful—he succeeded in furnishing a very large number of readers with amusement; and, mindful of the precept "not to look a gift horse in the mouth," we will not pause to inquire whether the sort of amusement afforded by him was altogether healthy or of a high order. "That the mirthful is the natural correlative of the earnest" is a well-known article in the German creed of aesthetics; and there has been no literature exempt from parodists. Among these Richard Harris Barham is eminent. He did not, indeed, in his dealings with old and popular superstitions, open a new vein. Southey, to take one instance only, had exhibited the horned fiend, wizards, old women, and even archbishops, from a comic point of view; Swift, Horace and James Smith, and George Colman the Younger, had displayed extraordinary gifts in grotesque verse, and essayed to embody "things unattempted yet in rhyme." Such a gift, however, can neither be inherited nor conveyed; and Thomas Ingoldsby was in his line original, and perhaps, with the exception of Thomas Hood, is the prince of all those who have completely broken in the English tongue to the *manège* of the parodist and punster. His verse overflows with surprises to the reader; "exhausted" rhyming, it seemed, "could no further go." Like the conjuror who from one small hat extracts innumerable nosegays, or from one bottle pours forth any wine or spirit required by the spectators, Barham furnished an unending supply of combinations in word or measure, and startled, nearly as much as he pleased, the readers of his *Legends*. Like Garrick, he "added to the gaiety of a nation," and we need not ask whether that gaiety was always in the best taste. It is perhaps fortunate that Mr. Barham was born and flourished before the epidemic of burlesque and extravaganzas fell, like a blight—or, as Caliban says, "wicked dews brushed from unwholesome fens"—on the English stage. With such a genius for rhyme he might have been drawn into the vortex of that depraved fashion, and contributed with others to deteriorate the taste of theatrical audiences. In the pigmy realm of stage-punsters he would indeed have towered a giant; but his very pre-eminence might have rendered the mischief less easy to cure. That cure is, fortunately for public taste, being accelerated by the increasing atrocities of burlesque writers. Things are, it is to be hoped, approaching to that crisis of badness when they must mend.

If the memoir of Mr. Barham is not very interesting, it is at least in some respects instructive. He was clearly a person of much practical ability, as well as of much ready wit. We cannot say that he never wrote a line which would not better have been blotted out; but the blot is never required for moral blemishes. He sings in his fashion *virginibus puerisque*. The objectionable lines or passages in the *Ingoldsby Legends* are those which apparently indicate a defect in the organ of veneration. An antiquary, he was devoid of all reverence for antiquity. He turned to mirth and laughter what he accounted the superstitions of dark and credulous ages; he forgot to observe that there was a grave and moral significance in many of those old-world stories. Perhaps the Church was not his proper vocation; yet, being in it, he performed his ministerial duties earnestly and sedulously. We like him none the worse for not having been, as his biographer admits, a "fashionable or popular preacher"; in some cases it requires no small gifts as a jack-pudding to attain that distinction. His work and his example stood in lieu of pew-filling sermons. In one respect he was not among those *feras consumere natos*; for, though he was a keen sportsman, it is on record that his aim was not very fatal to either winged or four-footed game. With an unusual liveliness of temperament he could do task-work. He was the author, we are told, of nearly a third of that useful, but rather arid, work—Gorton's (not, as Barham *filis* writes it, Gordon's) *Biographical Dictionary*. This was strange harness for so lively and sportive a Pegasus. It is a marvel that some of the articles did not, under his hands, "hitch into rhyme"; that the life of a bishop or a judge was not marked with the Ingoldsby brand. He was too sound a Tory to be irreverent to anointed kings—unless, indeed, their majesties chanced to be very papistically given. The graver side of archæology and heraldry was doubtless in the

* *The Life and Letters of the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, Author of the "Ingoldsby Legends."* With a Selection from his Miscellaneous Poems. By his Son. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1870.

ascendant when these dictionary-articles were written; yet we cannot think of Thomas Ingoldsby at work upon them without being reminded of the similar restraint endured by the author of *Humphrey Clinker* while composing the History of England from the days of Cassibelaunus to those of George II.

Sundry causes, besides their rhythmical excellence, combined in obtaining a hearty welcome at the moment, and indeed a large measure of popularity since, for the *Ingoldsby Legends*. Their author was a diligent, if not a profound, archaeologist; a black-letter tome had charms for him not less than for Thomas Hearne or the members of the Roxburghe Club. He turned to humorous account the materials from which Scott extracted so many poems and novels. In the tales which appeared only grim and ghastly to Monk Lewis, Barham detected a comical, if not a farcical, vein. And if a story common to Europe attracted his fancy, much more so did a local legend. The amount of heraldic, topographical, and archæologic lore he packed into his rhymes is quite marvellous. A Dutch commentator of the Gronovian school might construct out of his curious reading, and his allusions to odd and old customs, enough for a quarto volume, such as was printed "in usum Delphini." The merely amused reader knows not a tithe of the riches of Thomas Ingoldsby's work. The comic mask under the presentation of which he shot his learning conceals the fruits of many a midnight watch, of many hours passed amid the treasures of Chapter libraries. Mr. Barham, indeed, had he lived at the proper time, would have added to the number of those whom Seneca calls *lucifuga natio*—slaves of the lamp, who act as if they thought they had nothing with day to do. The early rising and early working Walter Scott and Thomas Ingoldsby would seem to have belonged to different races of men. Had they by any chance been fellow-lodgers, the rising sun at one period of the year, and the lighted candle at another, would have been the beacon which marked the rising of Scott and the setting of Ingoldsby. His wit and facility in composition, we are told, were never in perfect order before the chimes rang midnight.

Had it appeared in his time, we will undertake to say that Mr. Lecky's *History of Rationalism* would have stirred the genial and even-tempered Ingoldsby to unextinguishable wrath. To be told with so much sound learning and discretion that the stories and symbols contained in black-letter volumes admitted of ethical and even of theological interpretations; that the grim and cruel forms limned by painters, or described by the pen of plenifidian scribes in solitary cells or in silent cloisters, were dread realities both for the limner and the beholder, the chronicler and the reader of them; that the ages from which he culled so many occasions for mirth were beset and hedged in by terrors of the night and fears by day, and that their very belief made men cruel in their acts and in their laws—would have been as flies in his ointment. He should have been a hardy wight who three centuries ago would take such freedoms with "auld Hornie" and his angels, or with cardinals and priors, archbishops and anchoresses, as Southey and Richard Barham permitted themselves. It might be very well for John Milton—Puritan and enemy of the saints as he was—to picture the Prince of Darkness as a "ruined arch-angel," a little snatched indeed by the sulphurous atmosphere he was condemned to breathe, but still in stature and in beauty "proudly eminent" and superhuman. The Miltonian Satan comported not with the Prince of the Air believed in by Dominic and Luther, and delineated in all his ugliness by Dante and Tasso. In the invisible as well as in the visible world, Thomas Ingoldsby was a staunch Conservative. He never sinned the sin of neology. He held with Blake—whose faith was confirmed by a special vision—that hoofs, claws, wings, and other accompaniments of the kind, were proper to the evil spirit.

The temperament of Richard Barham was a cheerful one, and probably, together with his knack for versification, it led him to view the severe and stern spirit of the past from the grotesque side of horror. The cheerful mood of mind is not always found in connexion with humour and wit. Comic actors have often been hypochondriacs. Swift, who could twist both verse and prose into marvellous combinations, rarely laughed, or even smiled. The case of Rabelais is questionable; he describes himself as a roistering and rollicking blade; yet people are seldom careful to chronicle their ordinary habits. We have our doubts about Panurge's hilarity. Sheridan, we know, was habitually grave, even in his cups. Thomas Hood is reported to have been seldom moved to laughter. On the other hand, a preliminary cachinnation commonly heralded a joke of Sydney Smith's. We are not told whether Richard Barham belonged to one or the other of these classes. It is difficult to imagine such rhymes and such travesties as his were to have come warm from the brain without the accompaniment of at least a smile; and yet we can also fancy them to have been written down with as much gravity as his next Sunday's discourse. His life, indeed, was chequered by many circumstances to make him grave; he survived several of his children, and his last illness was aggravated by the contemporary sufferings of a most loving and beloved wife. His vein never dried up, even *in profundis*. One of his last effusions was a humorous account of a consultation of physicians, himself being the patient, then not far from the bourne whence there is no return. The verses have all the vigour and freshness of healthier moments and earlier years.

He was a Tory of the old school. George IV. was in his eyes the best possible of Regents and Kings, Eldon the wisest of Chancellors, the Bishops of the time were without spot or blemish, the Liverpool Cabinet was ideally good, and Sir Samuel Romilly and

Joseph Hume were impertinent meddlers in law and finance. Many a squib did he launch against the London University, many against the "Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge." He had as deep a dread of "novelties" as Sir William Grant himself. He first attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott by some trenchant political verses; he was henchman true to Theodore Hook in the *John Bull* newspaper. As a "No Surrender" man he liked not the new-fangled title of *Conservative*; for why should honest Toryism need re-baptism? What would George III. have said to Conservatism, which implies negation, as a veil for the party that admitted not one jot or tittle of innovation? Whigs he regarded through the spectacles of Samuel Johnson. He quite agreed with the great moralist as to their common ancestor—the ancestor whom he has so often introduced into the *Ingoldsby Legends*. He fully appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed the wit of Sydney Smith; yet we suspect he would have been better pleased if the Canon had remained at Bristol, and not been preferred to a Pauline stall. A Whig divine, and moreover one of the conclave who founded the *Edinburgh Review*, was a prodigy—a *monstrum informe*—in his eyes. We own to a preference for such thoroughgoing fellowship as Richard Barham's was to the half-faced imitation of it exhibited by many Conservatives. The Tory would not consent to go one mile with a Whig, far less to be compelled to go two. In the end, it is better to deal with a headstrong Achilles than with a wily Ulysses.

The *Ingoldsby Legends* attained at the moment a high place in popular literature; a permanent one was never expected by their author, and already they have passed away into the limbo of ephemeral productions. This, indeed, is the common lot of far superior books. The age is too productive for permanence; and "trifles light as air" accomplish their destiny if they float for a day on the surface of time's stream. This tribute is due to Richard Barham. He found that his extraordinary gift of rhyme, and his knack of dealing grotesquely with the terrible, gave pleasure to his friends, and he extended the pleasure of a private circle to the public at large. If he did not make his readers wiser, he made them merrier, and that was something; and he perfectly succeeded in a species of composition in which others had only partially excelled. Perhaps of all the objects of his sportive muse the "pauvre diable," for whom "abuse all" a charitable Scotch divine is said to have prayed, has most reason to be grateful to him. He imparts to his demonology a humane as well as a humorous aspect. Something of the Robin Good-Fellow pertains to the beings he conjures up from the vasty deep. They, in virtue of their pranks and devices, are really in his pages less black than they are usually painted. The Princes of Darkness assert their claim to be considered gentlemen. They eat, drink, and are merry. They are liable to mortal ailments, and thus are brought nearer to poor human nature. They have the gout, the rheumatism; they are not so young as they were; long walks tire them; they hunger and thirst; they have studied the Fathers of the Church, as well as the Civil and Canon Law. They are indeed as particular as Shylock was in exacting the forfeiture of their bonds, quitances, and obligations; yet also, like that ill-used Hebrew, are often compelled to admit a flaw in their covenants that, after all the pains taken, renders them null and void.

WATSON'S SELECT LETTERS OF CICERO.*

THE inevitable drawback to almost any selection from a life's correspondence is the absence of favourite and famous letters which the initiated regretfully miss. Here is a selection of some seven-score letters and odd out of the whole field of Cicero's letters to his friends, his brother, and Atticus. It covers six hundred pages, is armed with notes, introductions, and appendices, and sets in array such a host of explanatory and critical matter that to many it will seem formidable to approach; and yet, to tell the truth, some of the sprightliest and most characteristic of Cicero's extant epistles are "conspicuous by their absence"; a recourse to the index for the whereabouts of several well-known specimens of his general correspondence will end in entire or partial disappointment. Considering that the table spread is professedly of a "picnic character," the repast provided is too exclusively of a political kind; although we are aware of the difficulty of avoiding this in the case of a correspondence the animating spirit of which was the ambition to play a busy part in the political arena. Perhaps, however, inasmuch as the avowed principle of Mr. Watson's selection is a consideration "of the historical importance of each letter or of its value as illustrating Cicero's character," we are not justified in desiring the liveliness which pervades M. Boissier's *Cicéron et ses Amis*, or in sighing for a preponderance of domestic over political topics of correspondence, and of the "salt," which sparkles so brightly in the non-political epistles, over the brine which one tastes in his political letters—his tears for his exile, for Pompey's errors, and for the ever-looming fall of the Roman Republic. Although, therefore, we should say that better service is done by Mr. Watson to the political history of Cicero and his times than to the minute portrayal of his personal and domestic character, it must be understood that the hundred and fifty selected letters cannot be perused without some insight into this also. If we have not his letter to Voluminius, bidding that witty Roman

* Cicero. Select Letters. With English Introductions, Notes, and Appendices. By Albert Watson, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Brasenose College, Oxford. Clarendon Press: 1870.

have a care of the writer's property in "Attic salt" while he is away at his proconsular province; nor the best of his letters to his boon-companion, Papirius Pæstus; nor that characteristic epistle in which he so unblushingly angles for a favourable biography of himself, composed from his own notes, addressed to Lucceius; nor perhaps enough of his letters to Terentia, it is not fair to complain when we have such a handsome makeweight in letters to Atticus wherein the scholarly friend, a man of *esprit* and of letters, commingles with the statesman; and wherein—more than in any other correspondence—the writer's thoughts are communicated without the faintest effort to conceal habitual vanity, and intermittent, if not habitual, low morality. After all, it is in the letters to Atticus that we see Cicero as he really was. To that congenial spirit—"a political Vicar of Bray," as Dr. Quincey calls him fairly enough, except so far as he kept out of pronounced partisanship and trimmed his boat the more easily because he never ventured into troubled waters—Cicero poured out his confidences, aspirations, fluctuations of hope and fear, in the fullest exercise of the maxim *communio amicorum omnia*; and, being kept constantly on his mettle by the remembrance of his friend's wit, cultivation, and refinement, he could not fail to couch all these outpourings in language so terse, lively, brilliant, and ever-pointed, that in his letters we retain the very model of epistolary correspondence. We have not the letters of Atticus to judge of; but in a letter to him Cicero pays this tribute to his mastery of his own vernacular:—"Moriari si præter te quoniam reliquum habeo, in quo possum imaginem antiquæ et vernaculæ festivitatis agnoscere"; whilst their common acquaintance with the Greek language, perfected during an early residence at Athens, enabled the one, as we know it did the other, to impart variety to the pleasure of their interchange of correspondence, at the same time that it served to baffle the curiosity of letter-carriers. There are in Cicero's letters sufficient allusions to the part taken by Atticus in the intercommunication of wit, gossip, business, and statecraft through the medium of the written page, to show that, if not twins or doubles in the epistolary faculty, both these worthies were sufficiently alike in taste to enjoy the friendly rivalry of an exercise of this rare gift.

To speak first of the wit which plays so quietly in every letter of Cicero that is not utterly damped by exceptional depression, a good average sample of it occurs in the Sixth Epistle of this collection in a notice of the very *tabellarii* or letter-carriers to whose curiosity reference has just been made, and as to whom, by the way, and their difference from the *statores* employed by officials, there is a very good note or *excursus* at the end of Mr. Watson's First Part. Cicero is apologizing to his friend for delay in answering his letters, in spite of their charms of "salt" and their evidences of affection, and lays the blame upon the post:—"Idcirco tardior sum, quod non invenio fidelem tabellarium; quotus enim quisque est, qui epistolam paulo graviorem ferre possit nisi eam pellectione relevavit." The wit is scarcely transferable to another tongue, but it turns on the double sense of *graviorem*, and insinuates that the temptation of one of these private postmen to lighten the weight, or inform himself of the gravity of the contents of the missive he bears, by perusing it (*pellectione*, "by reading it through") is too strong to be struggled against. In the next letter of this collection (vii. § 4) nothing can be more well-timed or spontaneous than the turn which Cicero gives to a description of the sensation caused by a speech of his in the Senate after Pompey's return from Asia in B.C. 61, enlarging on the satisfactory state of affairs brought about by the union of parties, and diverging, with much use of tropes, figures, and rhetorical artifices, into the never-to-be-forgotten extinction of the Catilinarian conspiracy. Even Ciceronian egotism has its limits, and the orator and letter-writer, seeing that he may tire his correspondent if he dilates too long on a threadbare theme, turns the subject in the sentence:—"Nosti jam in hæc materiâ sonitus nostros; tanti fuerunt ut ego eo brevior sim, quod eos usque istinc exauditos putem." "You know the thunders of my eloquence when I get upon this topic; they were so loud that I can afford to cut short my account of them, because I believe they must have been audible even from where you are," i.e. in Epirus. In another letter (viii. § 3) he displays not only power of terse description, but also aptness at play on words, in designating the residuum of "judices" at the trial of Clodius, after both sides had challenged, as "maculosi senatores, nudi equites, tribuni non tam *arati* quam *ararii*." The pun depends upon the sense of "*ararius*" in the Ciceronian phrase "in numerum *arariorum* referre," and possibly too upon the use of the word to denote mercenaries. The tribunes are meant to be stigmatized as "not men of property, but men of pay"; and these "disreputable senators, needy knights, and insolvent tribunes," as Mr. Forsyth translates them in his Life of Cicero (i. 152), are spoken of shortly after in the same letter as men "quos fames magis quam fama commoverit." Often his wit flashes in a happy coupling of words, as where he calls a hastily-gathered crowd which Pompey addressed in the Circus Flaminius "*nundinarum παρήγορη*," "a solemn assembly on market day"; or hits off the characteristics of the Consul Piso by describing him as "*facie magis quam facietis ridiculus*," one who provoked a laugh by his grimaces, not by his humour. Nor does this vein of pleasantry fail to enliven graver letters. In a letter written to Atticus from Antium in 56 B.C., he excuses himself for not submitting to him a recantation of opposition to Caesar which is destined for that great man's eye, but of which he is somewhat ashamed, by saying that "he is gnawing round the morsel which he is about to swallow," "*dudum circumrodo quod devorandum est*." Most readers of the most generally known letters of Cicero will remember his happy pun on the word

"jus" in a letter to the Epicurean Pæstus, whom, as being probably in near proximity to a jurisconsult at Neapolis, named Haterius, he pictures as enjoying "Haterius's law" (*Hateriano jure*), while Cicero himself is delighting in the "jus" or gravy which is purveyed for him by his neighbour Hirtius, a noted gourmet. It is with reference to presumed pecuniary difficulties that he bids the same correspondent avail himself of his mule to get to Rome, "since he has swallowed his hack" (*cantherium comedisti*, lxxxvii. § 4). But a not less characteristic feature in Cicero's epistolary style is his easy, clear, and pregnant succinctness, his knack of so putting things on paper *ut ne quid nimis*, that his "written talk" is never prosy, and his correspondent is allowed to pass from one subject to another with the facility that animates the pen of the ready writer addressing him. If his Greek prose style, as he told Atticus (Ep. ix.), was so ornate as to exhaust the whole jewel-case of Isocrates, the scent-boxes of his pupils, and the colours of Aristotle, and to astonish his preceptor Posidonius, it is not so with his epistolary Latin. One of the first samples of his well-timed brevity of statement herein—brevity as regards the space it takes up, though as regards the matter it is truly *multum in parvo*—which we have marked in the volume before us, is the opening sentence of the Second Letter, in which he announces to Atticus an important civil event, and a no less important domestic piece of news, in the space of two lines or less:—"L. Julio Cesare, C. Marcio Figulo consilibus, filiolo me auctum scito salvâ Terentiâ." The result of the Consular comitia, the birth of a young Marcus Cicero, and the assurance that the mother is doing well, are despatched with such perfect brevity as a practised telegraphist might envy. There is the like pungent brevity in that sentence which he wrote to Cassius, and liked so much that he repeated it, with slight alteration, to Trebonius, in reference to Caesar's assassination, "*Vellem Idibus Martiis me ad cenam invitasset: reliquiarum nihil fuisset*" (xxvi. cxxvii.). The well-known letter to Atticus which describes Caesar's visit to him at his villa near Puteoli (civ.) is made up of the same shortly put, telling sentences, which render it graphic in a wonderful degree; and in a very early letter in this volume, addressed to Pompey himself, there is unrivalled neatness as well as delicate flattery of himself and his correspondent in Cicero's assurance that his acts will be found to entitle him to stand in the same relation to Pompey in which Lælius stood to Scipio:—"quæ, cum veneris, tanto consilio tantâque animi magnitudine a me gesta esse cognosces, ut tibi multo majori, quam Africanus fuit, me non multo minorem quam Lælium facile et in republicâ et in amicitia adjunctum esse patiare."

Another singular charm of Cicero's letters to Atticus is the patent frankness with which he lays bare his vanity, weaknesses, and meannesses, and that even to the obvious disadvantage of his character. Had he meant his letters to be published, they could not have been written so openly. As it is, they serve as a valuable help to the study of an imperfect character, and while they confirm us in gauging correctly its scant courage and its excessive ambition, its intense vanity and inherent irresoluteness, they forbid us to rank among dissemblers or impostors one who exposed so freely all his thoughts and motives. To others indeed he did not scruple to write the language of insincerity, as was shown in our review of Mr. Yonge's selections from Cicero's letters, and as may be seen in a very complimentary letter to Julius Caesar (xcvii.), less than a year before the murder which he afterwards justified, and in another to Marc Antony (cx.), which after their final breach the latter very naturally used to illustrate the writer's falseness. But to Atticus he is ever frank; confessing a false step with genuine candour; and a mistaken attachment to the wrong party, with the admission that he has made "a regular ass of himself." "*Scio me asinum germanum fuisse*" (Ep. xxv.). And this openness is carried so far at times as to bespeak strange deficiency of moral sense in Cicero, as for example in reference to three distinct tricks in *re epistolariâ*, to which the least scrupulous among moderns would have scrupled to resort. The most venial of these is his hinting to Atticus that "he should be glad if he would let people, of whom he speaks favourably in his letters, hear of it." "*Ego mallem ad illum scripsisses, mihi illum satisfacere, non quo faceret, sed ut faceret*" (Ep. xiv.). His friend was to conspire with Cicero to humbug a third person into believing that Cicero thought well of him, with an eye to conciliation of his good-will. The principle is the same as that which lurks in the definition of gratitude as a lively sense of favours to come. A less defensible trick, the only excuse for which was his desire that his friend should stand well with even those for whose friendship he did not care, is his passing off upon young Coelius, the deputy he left in Cilicia, a complimentary letter dictated by Cicero to Atticus's secretary, as containing the sentiments of Atticus himself. Hear the ingenuous chuckle he indulges in! "*At te apud eum, di boni! quantâ in gratia posui eique legi literas non tuas sed librarij tui*" (Ep. xlii.). But worst of all is his unscrupulous opening of letters addressed to others by his brother Quintus, which Cicero admits in the Eighty-first Letter of this collection, and for which he pleads his curiosity as a valid excuse. So little shy is he of this transaction that he sends the opened letters to Atticus for inspection, and leaves to his judgment whether they should be resealed and conveyed to their destination. Rightly does Dean Merivale observe that this business "is a curious trait of the morality of the times, not so much as regards the act itself, which may perhaps admit of some excuse, as from the evident unconsciousness of the writer that it needs any" (*Life and Letters of Cicero*, 322).

The world of scholars ranges itself, in reference to the times on

which these letters throw a light, under the Ciceronian or the Caesarian standard; and undoubtedly the weightiest names have espoused the former at all times. Why it is so is a curious problem, especially in the face of such littleness of mind as is evidenced in these tricks, and in a hundred other tokens of a low morality. Perhaps it may be partly because Cicero, with all his faults, is the most enjoyable and peerless of letter-writers, and because his confessions are so artless and spontaneous that we forgive and forget at the same moment.

Mr. Watson has done much to enable those who do not venture upon the study of Cicero's correspondence *en masse* to get a fair idea of it from selected samples. His introductions furnish all that is needful to post the reader up in the history of events alluded to in the text; and the notes in elucidation of the text have but one fault, that they are almost too plentiful. It is a questionable kindness to be profuse in "construes." It might have been well in p. 44 to do more for the phrase "Uxori nuntium Cæsarem remississe" than barely translate "has sent notice of divorce," and give a reference to Cicero de Oratore. The phrase does not carry its meaning and origin on its face. In the same page we are surprised to find no note on "antiquetur" in connexion with "rogatio." But in the main Mr. Watson's critical labours are soundly and sensibly executed, and we make no doubt that his "Select Letters" will be found a very serviceable volume to scholars, older and younger.

DR. WAINWRIGHT'S PATIENT.*

WE are often astonished at the fertility of the present age in producing what may be called the Brummagem wares of literature. Writing of a really high order is as rare as ever; but there seems to be positively no limit to that kind of plausible imitation which will pass muster on a cursory inspection. The application of a little critical acid at once reveals its true nature; but seen, as it were, by candlelight, or, in other words, read with half-shut eyes and careless attention, it may for a time satisfy a superficial observer. Mr. Yates is a gentleman devoted to the manufacture of this questionable material. If we should take up his book and read a page or two here or there, we might fancy that we were looking at the inferior portions of a good author; there is, of course, nothing that resembles a touch of genius, but there is a considerable quantity of plausible imitation of that kind of matter which fills up the gap between fine passages even in the best authors. If Mr. Yates cannot mimic Homer awake, he can for a brief space look not altogether unlike Homer asleep. Writers in the Elizabethan style seldom attempt to rival Hamlet or Othello; but they can introduce a first and second murderer not quite unlike the originals, and may rise at times to recalling a mock Laertes or Cassio. Thus in Mr. Yates's present work there are certain subsidiary parts in which he has more or less caught the tone of really eminent novelists. The wife of a country tradesman talks about "gells" for all the world like some of the inimitable old women in the *Mill on the Floss*; and there are numerous passages in which we catch a faint echo of Thackeray's writings. Of course there is little of the humour or imaginative intensity of the originals; but there are tricks of phrase which we can easily trace to their source, and attempts to work the same vein of sentiment, though the vein in this instance seems to be not very rich in ore. Perhaps the most successful bit of Mr. Yates's book is that in which he has limited his ambition to reproducing the slang of a public office. The character who is made the mouthpiece of this kind of talk indulges in a very feeble and mechanical style of humour; but then we fear that the smallness of the fun does not diminish the verisimilitude. Clerks in public offices do perhaps talk very poor stuff, and fancy that it is funny. Thus, for example, to take an extract quite at random from the talk of Mr. W. Dunlop, the gentleman in question, we come upon the statement that he likes Saturdays because he then has a half-holiday. This is his elegant way of putting it:—

"Yes, sir, like that party in Shakespeare who drew a dial for his poke and said it was just ten, and in an hour it would be eleven, I've just looked at my watch, and find that in ten minutes it will be one o'clock, at which hour, by express permission of Her Majesty's Ministers, signed and sealed at a Cabinet Council, of which Mr. Arthur Helps was clerk, the gentlemen of H.M. Stannaries are permitted on Saturdays to—to cut it. That is the reason, odd as it may seem, why I like Saturday afternoon. Mr. Tennyson, I believe, knew some parties who found out a place where it was always Saturday afternoon. Mr. W. Dunlop presents his compliments to the Laureate and would be obliged for an introduction to the said place and parties."

We do not know who first invented this ingenious style of witticism, which could easily be manufactured by the yard. Perhaps there is in it a touch of Dick Swiveller; or we might describe it more accurately as Foker and water. But, after all, Mr. Yates may have copied it at first-hand, for Mr. Dunlop says nothing above the capacities of the young gentlemen who indulge in harmless buffoonery in our public offices.

Such as it is, we think that this facetiousness is distinctly the best part of Mr. Yates's performance; and we say so, fully admitting that it is as dreary as our readers can suppose. We admit that this Dunlop business has been done a thousand times over, and that it has as often been done better as worse. Still we can imagine that a passenger in a slow train who has consumed all the daily papers, or a patient waiting in a dentist's sitting-room, or some other person under a similar stress of circumstances, would, on the whole, rather read it than not. Of the remainder of *Dr.*

Wainwright's Patient, we should say that such a person would about as soon read it as not. With one or two exceptions, there is nothing positively offensive in it, though Mr. Yates seems to have a faint wish to be occasionally offensive, and there is certainly nothing amusing. It is simply null. The story is put together like most stories; two young men fall in love with two young ladies, and, after certain difficulties, ultimately marry them. The plot is told in a tiresome fashion enough; the whole of the first volume is given to recapitulation, or simple introduction of the characters; and the last volume is spun out by sundry artless devices long after we have divined the nature of the catastrophe. We can imagine the plot to be one which in abler hands might have been made tolerably entertaining; but its capacities, such as they are, are turned to very little purpose. We are introduced, for example, to a couple living in a remote corner of England, with a young lady who is their niece and ward, and provided with a mysterious attendant, something between servant and companion, who turns out to be the ex-nurse at a lunatic asylum. The husband is an old buck, who seems to be a far-away relation of Major Pendennis, but utterly washed out and attenuated. He differs, however, from his original, not merely in general insipidity, but in a marked incapacity for talking like a gentleman; and his only distinctive peculiarity is a habit of saying, "O dam!" at regular intervals. His wife, as we are informed, is a clever woman who manages him, and who consequently does nothing all through the story except burst into tears and give way to everybody who bullies her. This precious pair have lived for many years in a remote part of the country, in order that their ward and her large fortune may be preserved for their only son. As the young lady is still under age when the story ends, and her guardian has been away from London so long that the gentleman's old friends have all disappeared and been supplanted by their sons, we must admit that he has taken very sufficient precautions to secure this object. Having kept the girl in solitude till she is about eighteen (as we guess), their son is brought down to make love to her; and speedily introduces an amiable friend, who, from the very first day, receives the marked preference of the lady. The couple, who have confined themselves to solitude for many years past in order to avoid this particular danger, do not make the slightest attempt to escape it when it comes upon them, and do not even reflect that to introduce an attractive gentleman to a girl who has no opportunity of seeing anybody else is not the way to keep her unmarried. They are, it is true, partly hoodwinked by the transparent sophistries of the mysterious attendant, who, for certain reasons of her own, wishes to frustrate their plot.

Meanwhile it appears that the young lady is subject to attacks of acute mania, which explain the presence of the said attendant. The amiable pair are anxious that she should marry their son in spite of this trifling defect. Mr. Yates is resolved that she shall marry their son's rival. Accordingly in the last volume he invents a wonderful German who comes upon the scene and radically cures the young lady in a couple of pages, and, as we infer, in rather less than a month. We are unfortunately not told what were his methods of cure, or how it appeared that the cure was permanent. The young lady's mother has been all this time in a lunatic asylum, where she was treated with remarkable kindness by everybody concerned. Her only symptom of madness was that she occasionally complained of the loss of a child; and as, in spite of her perfect sanity, she never appears to have mentioned her name, or given the slightest hints as to her previous history, it had been always supposed that the existence of the child was an illusion. An accident reveals the identity of this imaginary child with the young lady already described, and it thus appears that the mother has been perfectly sane for many years, and that the most distinguished mad-doctor in England, who has every virtue under heaven, had been totally mistaken in her case. The mother who was not mad is then restored to her daughter who has been cured of madness, and, as the doctor judiciously observes that a scene might be dangerous, the daughter's husband elaborately announces this discovery to his wife in the most approved melodramatic fashion. Meanwhile a parallel plot is going on, which is perhaps not so childish as that just described, but is rather more disagreeable. There is a certain beautiful young woman, with red hair, creamy white skin, pointed chin, grey eyes, impertinent nose, and a generally pre-Raffaellite style of beauty. She is apprentice to a fashionable dressmaker, and has three ardent lovers. The first is the son of the couple aforesaid, a clerk in the Stannaries, who first proposes to seduce her, and afterwards makes her an honourable offer of marriage. The second is an admirable young draper in her own walk of life, who talks like a book, and, as the third admirer remarks, does the outraged-lover business to great perfection. For this third lover is no less than the Lovelace of modern romance. He is the regulation colonel, with aristocratic figure and slightly grizzled moustache, who makes it his profession to go about ruining virtuous young women. The heroine, for she seems to be intended as heroine, summarily rejects the honest young man in her own station. After a good deal of coquetry with the gentleman who is willing to marry her, she resolves, on mature consideration, to throw him over also. She then pays a visit to the handsome colonel, who makes certain proposals to her, veiled in more or less circumlocutory language, which she calmly interprets by saying in plain words, "You want me to become your mistress." She promises to give him an answer in a week, and, after mature consideration, decides on accepting the proposal. From this fate she is saved by two circumstances. In the first place, the honest

* *Dr. Wainwright's Patient*. By Edmund Yates. London: Chapman & Hall. 1871.

draper calls upon the vile colonel, and, after saying that he won't make any appeal to religious considerations, and appealing to them a great deal, points out that if the heroine becomes the colonel's mistress, and the colonel becomes tired of her, she will probably commit suicide, and in that case, he, the honest draper, will take the terrible vengeance of—we draw our breath in suspense at that exciting moment—of writing to the newspapers. The colonel is taken aback by the awful vision thus presented to him, and does not seem to reflect that a lady who had agreed to live with him with such surpassing calmness would scarcely show such weakness of character as to take poison when they parted. In the next place, the clerk in the Stannaries is seized with the customary brain-fever on hearing that his intended wife will have nothing to do with him—a piece of intelligence communicated by her in a business-like and cold-blooded letter. Hearing of this catastrophe, the woman who was just about to become the mistress of an elderly debauchee, because she thought it paid, is suddenly converted into a model of all the virtues, marries the clerk on his recovery, and lives very happily ever afterwards.

We could almost fancy, on reading this unspeakable trash, that Mr. Yates had adopted the plan formerly carried out on a large scale by Alexandre Dumas; that he had hired somebody else to write his novels for him, and, finding that the natural conclusion of the story was a little too revolting for the public taste, had summarily tacked on catastrophes of his own without too much regard to consistency or propriety. We must admit, however, that a gentleman who could write such very feeble stuff might easily finish off in a totally incoherent manner. At any rate, there are a good many passages which we should not think of attributing to any other hand than Mr. Yates's own. In certain parts of his narrative he has inserted thinly veiled allusions to well-known names. In one of these passages he condemns a practice of which, as we fully agree with him, no gentleman should ever be guilty. It is a social offence which deserves condign punishment to court the intimacy of distinguished men, and then to turn your knowledge to account as a piece of literary capital. To be on friendly terms with a man at a Club, or in his own house, and then to ridicule him behind his back, is certainly a mean action. But we never heard that the gentleman to whom Mr. Yates obviously alludes was guilty of any such practice, though we do remember that he was said to have been the victim of such a practice. Probably some such association of ideas was floating in Mr. Yates's mind, when he indulged himself in perfectly groundless insinuations about a dead man.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—HISTORICAL POETRY FROM 1789 TO 1815.

IF a reader wishing to know something about the French Revolution turns to the second and third volumes of the *Catalogue de l'Histoire de France**, published a few years ago by order of the Imperial Government, he will be perfectly astonished at the amount of historical poetry issued between 1789 and 1815. At almost every page the indication *voyez la division poésie* occurs, and there is no event so dull, so uninteresting, as we should think, that it has not been made the subject of a song, a hymn, or an ode. The National Convention was no doubt guilty of many blunders, and perhaps of as many crimes; but it is obvious that the poet must have drawn largely upon his imagination to fill five discourses of several hundred lines each with a catalogue of the misdeeds committed during the rule, first of the Girondists, and next of the Montagnards. We must not anticipate, however, and before examining what the *chansonniers* and the other lyric poets of the Revolutionary epoch, properly so-called, had to say about their contemporaries, let us begin with a few words on the political songs and satires relating to the ten or twelve years immediately preceding the assembly of the States-General. We all know what hopes were entertained by the members of the Liberal party, and how the revival of the golden age was expected. A great many generous and noble-minded Frenchmen were perfectly sincere in their wishes, and it would be most unfair to call in question the good faith of such persons as La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Lameth, Turgot, and Lafayette; but nevertheless *Astræa Redux* in 1789 had its ridiculous side, and *le Français né malin*, as Boileau says, was not slow to observe this. La Harpe's ingenious and tragical *Prophétie de Cazotte* finds its counterpart in the amusing *Prophéties Turgotines*†, composed as far back as 1777 by the Chevalier de Lisle. The great, the unpardonable sin of Turgot in the eyes of the courtiers was perhaps not so much his schemes of reform as his fondness for the society of literary men and philosophers. Raynal, Malesherbes, Mirabeau père, Quesnay, Condorcet, Dupont de Nemours, were his chief advisers; hence the irritation produced at Versailles amongst the *habitués* of the *Éil de Boeuf*. The head of that cabal was the Duke de Choiseul; and the Chevalier de Lisle, author of the *Prophéties Turgotines*, had for some time been one of his *employés* when he entered the household of the Count d'Artois, who gave him a pension. The talent he possessed for the composition of *vers de société* had procured for him the nickname of “de Lisle-Noëls.” The *Prophétie de Cazotte*, to which we referred just now, is an ingenious satire written by La Harpe after the events of the Revolution took place, but it is impossible to make any mistake about the

date of the *Prophéties Turgotines*: the poem was published in the third volume of the *Éspion anglais* (1779), and it may also be found in the famous *Actes des Apôtres*. With this bibliographical fact clearly and undeniably established, some of the Chevalier de Lisle's predictions are certainly startling. Thus he announces the abolition of all privileges, and describes most accurately the Republican calendar in which the names of fruits and vegetables were to take the place of the saints:—

Nous verrons un oignon
Au sauveur damer le pion.

Finally, in the last stanza, he exclaims:—

Le roi se croyant un abus,
Ne voudra plus l'être.
Ah! qu'il faut aimer le bien
Pour, de roi, n'être plus rien!

The Chevalier de Lisle, let us add, died in 1784, before the outbreak of the Revolution which he had so curiously predicted. On the same subject we may mention Marchand's *Constitution en Vaudevilles*‡; it is also a witty satire on the reforms introduced by the upholders of constitutional government, and ends by the statement that the unfortunate monarch, shorn of all his rights and privileges, will be allowed *par grâce*, or rather *par abus*,

Le doux plaisir de voir sa face
Empreinte sur tous les écus.

A political constitution set to popular tunes is curious enough, but a man who can write vaudevilles on the death of Marat must be facetious indeed.† Yet, wretched as that piece is from the literary point of view, we far prefer it to the panegyric composed by Dorat-Cubières.‡ A younger brother of the Marquis de Cubières, the author of the *Panegyrique de Marat*, had affixed to his name that of the rhymester whose insipid style he enthusiastically admired, and whom he endeavoured to imitate in his contributions to the almanacs and other literary annuals of the day.

Besides the more or less elaborate songs and poems of various kinds brought out during the Revolution, we find also a number of epigrams carefully sharpened so as to inflict upon their hapless victims that sting of ridicule against which no one yet has been able to stand on the other side of the Channel. The names of the Abbé Maury, Talleyrand, Brissot, Cazalès, &c., occur repeatedly in these political anthologies, coupled with epithets more picturesque than polite.§ The satirical lash is vigorously applied in spite of the guillotine; Robespierre himself does not escape, and the famous incident of the *Baiser Lamourrette* suggests a notion of fraternity which must have seemed rather odd to the extreme Republicans.

It very often happened that the same tunes served as a vehicle to convey political sentiments of the most opposite natures, and that both Royalists and Republicans pressed into their service the music with which the people were most familiar. This occurred in the case of the *Prophéties Turgotines*. The reader will find in the third volume of *L'Éspion anglais*, and in the first of the *Entretiens de l'autre Monde* (1784), a song of some literary merit, written for the purpose of eulogizing the reforms introduced by Turgot.¶ One of the stanzas is as follows:—

Qu'à son âge, notre Roi
Paraît déjà brave!
Il veut que chacun chez soi
Vive sans entrave;
Et que j'aious tous bientôt
Lard et poule à notre pot,
Et du vin en cave, ô gué!
Et du vin en cave!

If so good a man as Turgot was made the subject of satirical songs, we cannot be astonished at finding men like the Cardinal de Rohan, of diamond-necklace notoriety, and Calonne sharing the same fate. It is rather scandalous that Christmas Carols (*Noëls*) should often in France have been tacked on to words of the most objectionable description, and that under the title of *alléluias* Gregorian chants should have been employed in the satirical enumeration of Court intrigues; but the great aim of those who composed the lyrics in question was popularity, and they naturally selected the tunes with which all were familiar. The famous *alléluias* on Louis XIV., which every one can read in the *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*¶, may be named as specimens of this style of literature, and, to confine ourselves within the limits of our subject, we shall just mention those written on the Cardinal de Rohan. Whilst he was a prisoner at the Bastille, awaiting his trial, he fell ill, and asked for a physician; Portal was sent, cured his patient, and an *alléluias* soon informed the whole of Paris of the result**, taking the opportunity at the same time of bringing once more before the public the principal details of that mysterious affair in which the name of the Queen Marie-Antoinette had been associated with those of a dissolute priest, an intriguing woman, and a courtesan. The first stanza runs thus:—

L'intrigant médecin Portal
Nous a rendu le cardinal;
Il l'a bourré de quinquina,
Alléluias!

* La Constitution en Vaudevilles. Par M. Marchand.

† L'Assassinat de Marat en Vaudevilles. Catalogue de l'Histoire. Vol. 3.

‡ Poème à la gloire de Marat. Par Dorat-Cubières.

§ Les Guépées gauloises. Paris. 1859.

¶ Chansons populaires. Vol. 1.

¶ Histoire amoureuse des Gaules, in Jannet's Biblioth. Elzévirienne. Vol. 1.

** Des Chansons populaires. Par A. Nizard. Vol. 1.

* Bibliothèque impériale. Catalogue de l'Histoire de France. 10 vols. 4to.

† Chants et Chansons populaires de la France. Vol. 1.

On the 22nd of February, 1787, the first Assembly of Notables met, and on so grave an occasion the *chansonniers*, as by common consent, remained quiet; they were satisfied with watching the course of events and taking notes of the debates of the Assembly. It was not long before they felt at liberty to exercise their satirical powers. As soon as Calonne had disclosed the state of the finances, and declared that he could not make up the deficit without picking every one's pocket, there was a general hue and cry against the Minister, and Louis XVI. had to dismiss him. Then it was that an amusing *pot-pourri* on the *assemblée des notables* circulated throughout France, turning into ridicule the first sitting and everything that had been done since. Alas! the famous *poule au pot* which Henry IV. had promised to his people, and which formed so conspicuous a part of Turgot's political programme, was no longer to be thought of, and abuses would continue as rife as ever.*

Quelle remise!
On demande un nouvel impôt.
Au lieu de la poule promise,
Hélas! nous n'avons plus de pot,
Ni de chemise!

At last the catastrophe, so long delayed, arrived, and the Bastille fell amidst the applause, not of France only, but of the whole of Europe. The reign of the mob and the triumph of Republican opinions mark in the history of political songs a new era, which we gladly dismiss with the briefest notice. If it is the proof of an ungenerous mind to trample upon a prostrate foe, and to insult him who is unable to defend himself, the act becomes doubly culpable in the case of Louis XVI., Marie-Antoinette, and Madame Elisabeth. The satires written against these illustrious victims between 1790 and 1793 are so abominably scurrilous that most of them cannot even be named; and if the Republican party in France had not been represented by politicians of a higher class than the writers of those *soi-disant* patriotic songs, it would indeed deserve all that its worst enemies have said against it.

In order to find poetry of real merit we must consult the collections in which lyrics of a military description have found a place; we must leave the close unhealthy atmosphere of the Jacobin club, and go to the frontier where the raw conscripts of Kellermann and Dumouriez are keeping in check the armies of the Coalition. In writing on the historical poetry of the first French Revolution it is of course impossible to leave unmentioned the *Marseillaise*, the *Chant du Départ*, and Adrien Saint-Roy's *Salut de la France*; otherwise we might simply refer our readers to the excellent article published in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*; but we must not omit the names of Rouget de l'Isle and of Marie-Joseph Chénier, who, celebrated as a dramatic writer, obtained still greater and more legitimate success as the Tyrtæus of Republicanism. The soul-stirring hymn which Méhul set to such admirable music is universally known, and therefore we need not say more about it here; but another composition of Chénier's, less familiar to the English public, may appropriately be mentioned—we mean the poem he wrote for the *fête de l'Être suprême*.† This wretched attempt to effect a compromise between atheism and religion was, it will be remembered, the work of Robespierre, and at the same time the first step towards his downfall. The painter David had been entrusted with the whole management of the affair, and, in addition to Chénier, another poet, Desorgues, was pressed into the service for the occasion. The name of Tyrtæus is naturally associated with those of Rouget de l'Isle and Chénier, but it is a still more appropriate sobriquet for Desorgues, who, besides his literary merit, had also the misfortune of being a hunchback and remarkably plain. His *Hymne à l'Être suprême*, sung to Gossec's music, is really a very good poem, by no means owing its celebrity to the circumstances of the day. Desorgues distinguished himself likewise by his wit and his talent for sarcasm. He was a sincere Republican, but not a terrorist, and he wrote the following pungent satire on Lebrun, who had panegyrized one of the most rabid members of the Jacobin Club:—

Oui, le féau le plus funeste
D'une lyre banale obtiendrait des accords:
Si la peste avait des trésors,
Lebrun serait soudain le chanteur de la peste.

He celebrated Bonaparte so long as the ambitious General was satisfied with the Consular authority, but when the Empire had been proclaimed, Desorgues in an evil hour turned satirist once more. He composed a song the burden of which was

Oui, le grand Napoléon
Est un grand caméléon.

This could not be tolerated; the police interfered, and Tyrtæus was, *par ordre supérieur*, locked up in a madhouse.

The *fête de l'Être suprême* produced a new kind of hymnology; for, as usual, the example set by Paris was universally followed, and every parish in France made a point of establishing the worship of Robespierre's "Supreme Being," just as, a short time before, all France had with equal enthusiasm founded "for ever" the worship of Reason on the ruins of fanaticism and superstition. Of course the strain on native genius could not but be very great; for if two hymns were required at the festival over which Robespierre presided, one at least must be composed at Rouen, Bordeaux, or Tours. The catalogue of printed books preserved in the *Bibliothèque Impériale* enumerates nine or ten such songs; and these, besides a frightful amount of quasi-theological doggerel, also

contain many allusions to the political events of the day, and deserve therefore to be mentioned on the list of historical poems—as, for instance, the *Couplets patriotiques sur nos succès maritimes*, sung in the church of Mende, a small town in the South of France.

We have purposely given to this article a title which brings within its range lyrics of every kind, whether or not they were written to be set to music. We are thus enabled to notice compositions which leave far behind them even the best amongst the effusions just spoken of, and André Chénier's splendid *Iambes* come naturally under consideration. This gifted writer was as great an enthusiast for liberty as his brother Marie-Joseph; but he could not suppress his indignation at the sight of the crimes committed by Robespierre, and an eloquent letter written by him to the *Journal de Paris* was the cause of his death. *Ces bourreaux, barbouilleurs de lois*, as he called them, sent him to the guillotine. He fell on the 8th of Thermidor, the day before that which sealed the doom of Robespierre himself. Readers who are familiar with the history of the French Revolution know that Marie-Joseph Chénier was for a long time accused, if not of having denounced his brother to the Revolutionary tribunal, at any rate of not doing what he could to save him. The newspapers belonging to the Royalist party were continually taunting him on the subject, and M. Michaud even went so far as to call him in the *Quotidien* by the hateful name of Cain. It is true that afterwards he acknowledged himself to have been guilty in this respect of an atrocious calumny, which he endeavoured to justify on the plea that in war people should never be over-scrupulous; but the shaft had been driven home, and Chénier had to refute Michaud's cowardly accusation in his *Épître sur la Calomnie*.

We shall not examine here Lebrun's ode on the sinking of *Le Vengeur*, nor shall we waste our time on a description of those ranting lyrics in which La Harpe sincerely believed that he had reached the very limits of the sublime, whereas he was simply ridiculous. Andrieux is another poet whose works enable us to understand better the history of the Revolution during the years which immediately followed the 9th Thermidor; he took a part in public affairs, and seldom missed the opportunity of striking a well-aimed blow at those unscrupulous men who sought to rise either by intrigue or by revolutionary means. When the elections of the year V. took place, he wittily described in his *Procès du Sénat de Capoue*† the selfishness of the agitators who were spreading calumnious reports, and endeavouring to stir up the flames of civil war, whilst France was attacked on all its frontier by powerful enemies. His conclusion deserves to be quoted:—

Éteignons nos débats, que le passé s'oublie,
Et réunissons-nous pour sauver l'Italie.

There was at the same time a great debate on what would seem to us a very trifling subject. Should the old designation *Monsieur* be again adopted, or must *Citoyen* be preferred? We can fancy Andrieux shrugging up his shoulders, and exclaiming pettishly:—

Appelez-vous Messieurs, et soyez Citoyens.

The Royalists, like the Revolutionists, had their bard, and Delille, in his poem entitled *La Pitié*‡, did his best to commemorate the virtues, the sufferings, and the tragic end of the members of the Royal family. The result he obtained was very far, however, from corresponding to his efforts, and the sincerity of his grief could not atone for the mediocrity of his composition.

We must close this account of the historical poetry of the first epoch of the Revolution with a mention of three songs which not very long ago might still be heard, and which have certainly a great deal of *entrain* about them; we mean *Le Réveil du Peuple*, *La Carmagnole*, and *Le Carillon national*. They served as a model to all who aimed at expressing patriotic sentiments in rhymed slang; they were the safest guides to follow, and a true *sans-culotte* would esteem it his highest glory to add a new stanza, as the rhapsodists of old did with the Homeric poems, to the lyrics of the guillotine.

Between the accession of the Directory and the downfall of Napoleon we find very little political poetry. No opposition was allowed, and the *coup d'état* of Fructidor had thoroughly frightened all those who might have been tempted to criticize the acts of the Government. The *Catalogue des Imprimés*, to which we have already referred, gives us the titles of several satirical songs on the scarcity of money and the wretched state of the national exchequer; this, indeed, was fair game, and the taxpayers might well be permitted to be merry, considering how serious the demands were on their purses. *Puisqu'ils chantent ils paieront* was the cutting remark made about the Parisians by some *contrôleur des finances*, who knew admirably the weakness of our volatile neighbours. The glorious campaigns of General Bonaparte came, however, quite à propos to throw into a new channel the inspiration of the French muse, and the battles of Ascoli, Rivoli, Marengo, and Lodi roused the enthusiasm of innumerable poets and poetasters. Perfidious Albion was of course still the favourite subject of invective, and it would be difficult to name a dithyrambic composition belonging to that epoch in which poor Mr. Pitt was not held up to the execration of mankind. The illustrated collection entitled *Chants et Chansons populaires de la France* has preserved a curious song written on the occasion of the plot made to blow up the First Consul on the 3rd of Nivôse, year IX. of the

* *Des Chansons populaires*. Par Ch. Nisard. Vol. 1.

† *Œuvres complètes de M. J. Chénier*. 5 vols. 8vo.

‡ *Hymne à l'Être suprême*. Par J. Desorgues.

* *Catalogue des Imprimés*. Vol. 3.

† *Œuvres complètes d'Andrieux*. 4 vols. 8vo.

‡ *La Pitié, en 17 chants*. Par J. Delille. Paris, 8vo. 1802.

Republic* (December 24, 1800); this ballad, intended to exercise the lungs of street minstrels, is an excellent specimen of what are called *complaints*, that is to say, poems set to the most doleful tunes, and remarkable for that *naïveté* which characterizes Oliver Goldsmith's *Elegy on a Mad Dog*. The fashions of the day, the extravagant costumes of the *incroyables*, and the Greek dresses patronized by Madame Tallien, and combining discomfort with indecency, supplied plenty of material for satirists.

In the meanwhile the king of French *chansonniers*, the man who, as M. Vinet said, raised songs to the proportions of the finest odes, Béranger, was observing the progress of the empire raised by Bonaparte on the ruins of liberty, and his common sense soon brought him to the conclusion that a reign, however brilliant, founded upon ambition and the lust of conquest, could not last. Why could not the victor of Austerlitz be satisfied with the laurels of *le bon roi d'Yvetot*? of whom it is said

Il n'agrandit pas ses états,
Put un voisin commode.

Let us add that, if the Emperor had followed Béranger's programme, we should have lost very seriously from a literary point of view, for the beautiful songs, *Le Vieux Drapeau*, *Le Vieux Sergent*, *Le Cinq Mai*, and *Les Souvenirs du Peuple*, are, as all readers know, reminiscences of that wonderful story of military glory which ended on the field of Waterloo.

When, during the "hundred days," and whilst Louis XVIII. was at Ghent, the Royalists, dancing under the windows of the Tuileries, sang to a popular tune the amusing pun, *Rendez-nous notre père de Gand*, they were opening a chapter in the history of French historical poetry which is beyond the province of the present article.

* *Chansons patriotiques*. Vol. 1.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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